a CONTINUITY GRAPHIC NOVEL

Michael Golden Larry Hama Cory Adams

BUCKY O'HARE™

In recognition of the valor and courage exhibited by Captain Bucky O'Hare and the brave *crew of his ship the Righteous Indignation in facing and defeating the latest incursion by the Toad battle armada at Doran Sector 37 and as a chronicle of these events we hereby dedicate this limited edition.

*Special note is taken of the courage of one Willy DuWitt recruited by Captain O'Hare subsequent to the untimely demise of Bruce the Betelgeusian berserker baboon, ship's engineer. (Engineer DuWitt's planet of origin is unknown at this time.)

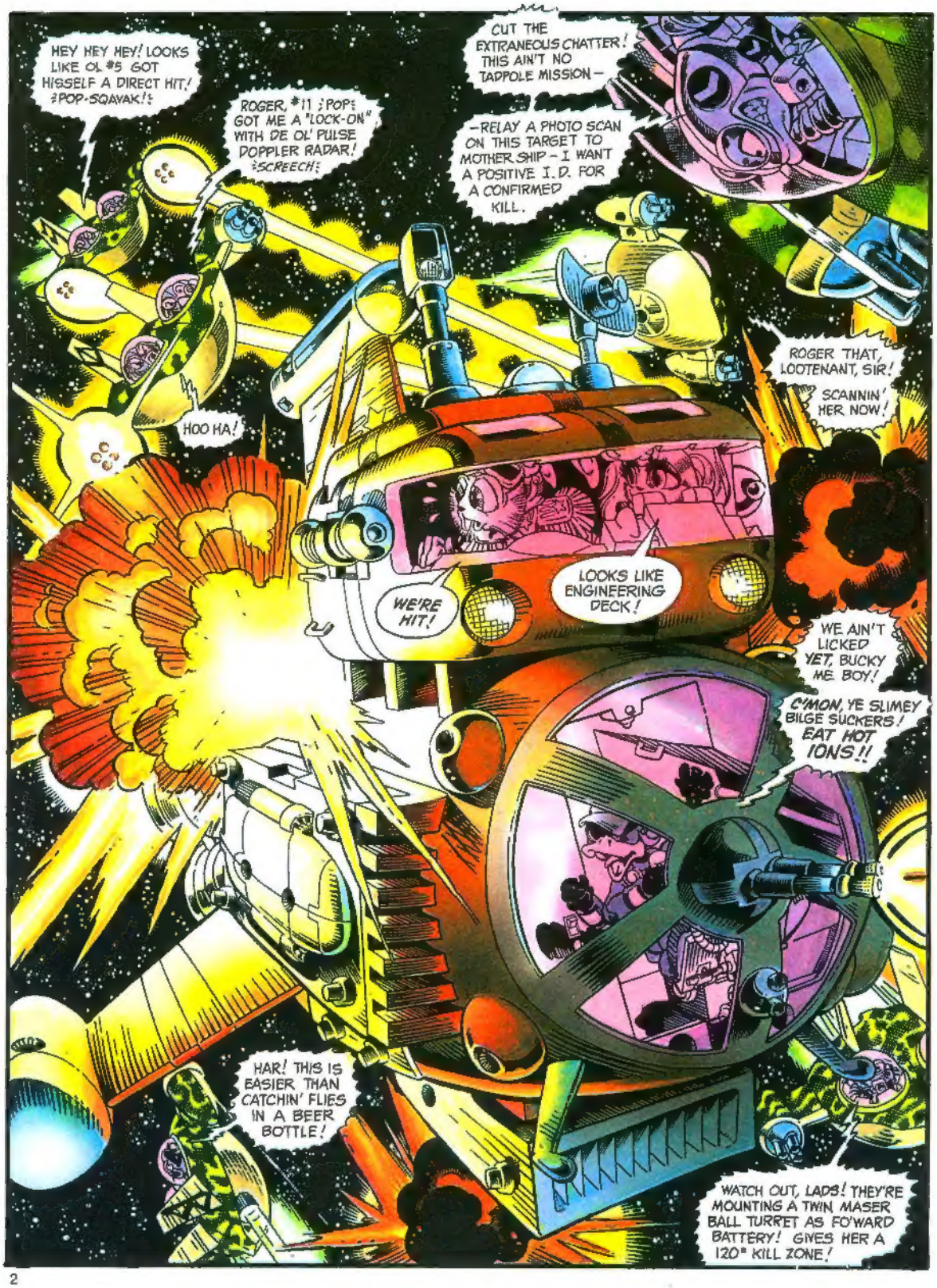
Larry Hama _____

Michael Golden _____

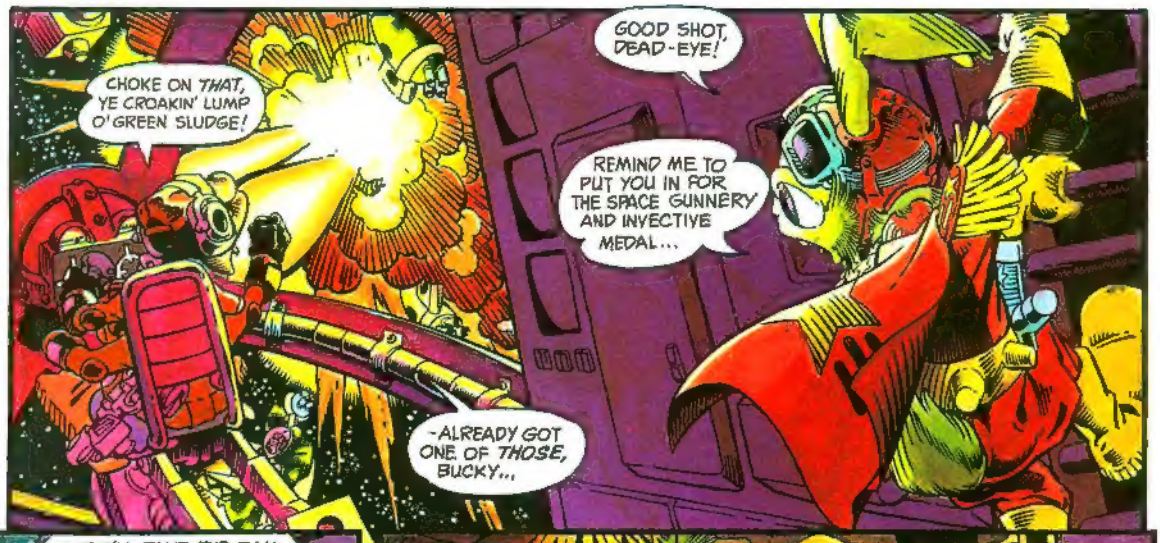
472 of 2000

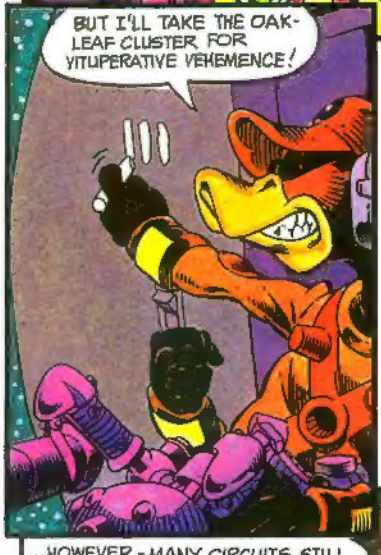
a Bchry Scan

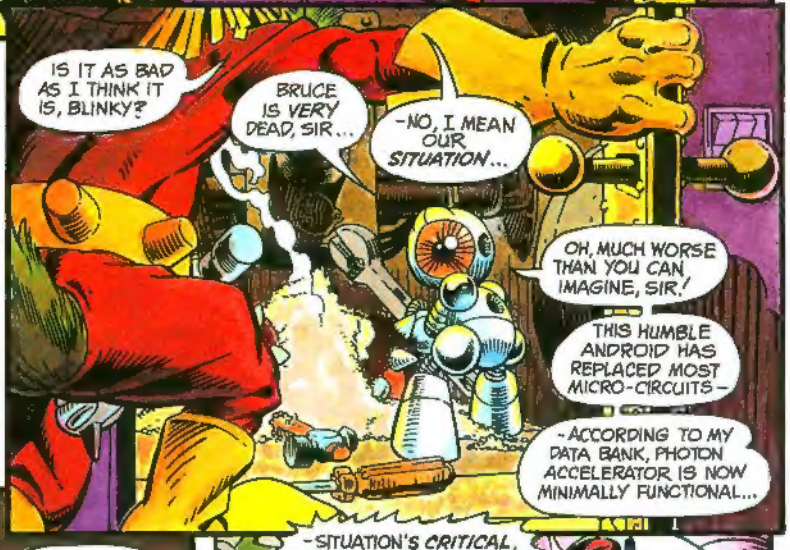
IT'S THE DAY AFTER YESTERDAY IN A SEEDY SECTION OF THE UNIVERSE.
- BUCKY O'HARE AND THE INTREPID CREW OF THE S.P.A.C.E.* FRIGATE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION ARE ONCE AGAIN UP TO THEIR FURRY LITTLE NECKS IN HOT WATER.
BUCKY O'HARE TO ALL HANDS - BATTLE STATIONS! WE'VE GOT A SQUADRON OF TOAD FIGHTERS ON OUR TAIL AND THEY'RE CLOSING FAST!
HOW'RE WE DOING, JENNY?
-NOT GOOD BUCKY.. -CAN'T OUT-RUN THEM ON STANDARD DRIVE...
...BUT WE MIGHT STAND A CHANCE IF WE CAN SHIFT THIS BUCKET INTO HYPER-SPACE AND BOOST OUR WARP DRIVE TO THE MAX...
- SOUNDS LOGICAL TO ME...
NOW HEAR THIS! ALL HANDS, RIG FOR HYPER SPACE!
*SENTIENT PROTOPLASM AGAINST COLONIAL ENCROACHMENT
ARGH -- THAT'S A CRYIN' SHAME, BUCKY ME BOY... I WUZ HOPIN' WE'D STICK AROUND AN' CROAK US SOME TOADS-
SEEIN' AS YERS TRULY, DEAD-EYE DUCK HAS GOT HIS MASER* CANNONS ALL WARMED UP AN' ALL...
-HEH HEH!
*MICROWAVE AMPLIFICATION BY STIMULATED EMISSION OF RADIATION
MOST GRACIOUS CAPTAIN O'HARE SIR! THIS IS A.F.C.* BLINKY REPORTING FROM ENGINEERING DECK...
...REGRET TO INFORM AUGUST COMMANDER OF INOPERABLE CONDITION OF WARP DRIVE DUE TO MALFUNCTION OF PHOTON ACCELERATOR.
HOWEVER-
REPAIRS ARE EVEN NOW BEING INITIATED BY OUR MOST EMINENT CHIEF ENGINEER, BRUCE THE BETELGEUSIAN BERSERKER BABOON.
*ANDROID FIRST CLASS
BANANA OIL!
DIS PILE O' JUNK HAS HAD IT! ALL DA MICRO-CIRCUITS IS FUSED TOGEDDA...
...AN' DAT AIN'T HALF THE PROBLEM! PART O' DIS UNIT DON'T EVEN CO-EXIST IN DA SAME CONTINUUM WID US...

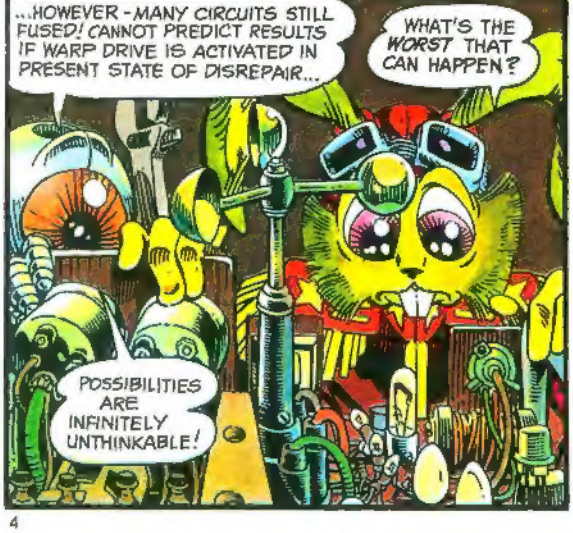

HEY HEY HEY! LOOKS LIKE OL #5 GOT HISSELF A DIRECT HIT! ¿POP-SQAVAK!¿
ROGER, #11 ¿POP¿ GOT ME A "LOCK-ON" WITH DE OL' PULSE DOPPLER RADAR! ¿SCREECH¿
CUT THE EXTRANEOUS CHATTER! THIS AIN'T NO TADPOLE MISSION –
–RELAY A PHOTO SCAN ON THIS TARGET TO MOTHER SHIP – I WANT A POSITIVE I.D. FOR A CONFIRMED KILL.
ROGER THAT, LOOTENANT, SIR!
SCANNIN' HER NOW!
HOO HA!
WE'RE HIT!
LOOKS LIKE ENGINEERING DECK!
WE AIN'T LICKED YET, BUCKY ME BOY!
C'MON, YE SLIMEY BILGE SUCKERS! EAT HOT IONS!!
HAR! THIS IS EASIER THAN CATCHIN' FLIES IN A BEER BOTTLE!
WATCH OUT, LADS! THEY'RE MOUNTING A TWIN MASER BALL TURRET AS FO'WARD BATTERY! GIVES HER A 120° KILL ZONE!

ENGINE ROOM! IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT BACK THERE?
BLINKY! TELL BRUCE WE NEED THAT PHOTON ACCELERATOR RIGHT AWAY...
...OR MUTUAL OF ANIMALS IS GONNA BE STUCK PAYING DOUBLE INDEMNITY ON OUR GROUP POLICY!
OH... CALAMITY AND WOE!
DIRECT HIT BY TOAD PLASMA CANNON HAS RESULTED IN MASSIVE POWER FEEDBACK...
POWER FEEDBACK HAS RESULTED IN CHIEF ENGINEER ATTAINING ONE-NESS WITH UNIVERSE!
BRUCE'S CORPOREAL MASS SEVERELY OXIDIZED...
BUCKY BRUCE WAS THE ONLY CREW MEMBER QUALIFIED FOR WARP DRIVE REPAIR!
THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M GOING BELOW TO PERUSE THIS DEBACLE FIRST HAND!
YOU'RE IN CHARGE, JENNY...
...TEMPORARILY, OF COURSE -
AYE, AYE, SIR-
UH... ENGINE BANK #9 IS OUT- I'LL TRY TO AUGMENT THRUST WITH THE TAKE-OFF BOOSTERS...
COME IN CLOSE, TOADIES!
I'LL FRY YER WARTS OFF!
WE HAVE POSITIVE I.D. FROM ANOTHER SHIP-TARGET IS THE SPACE FRIGATE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION - CAPTAIN BUCKY O'HARE CONNING THE BRIDGE!
I THOUGHT SO!
- WATCH OUT #9!! YOU'RE SKIRTIN' HER KILL ZONE!!
HUH?


CHOKE ON THAT, YE CROAKIN' LUMP O' GREEN SLUDGE!
GOOD SHOT, DEAD-EYE!
REMIND ME TO PUT YOU IN FOR THE SPACE GUNNERY AND INVECTIVE MEDAL...
-ALREADY GOT ONE OF THOSE, BUCKY...


BUT I'LL TAKE THE OAK-LEAF CLUSTER FOR VITUPERATIVE VEHEMENCE!

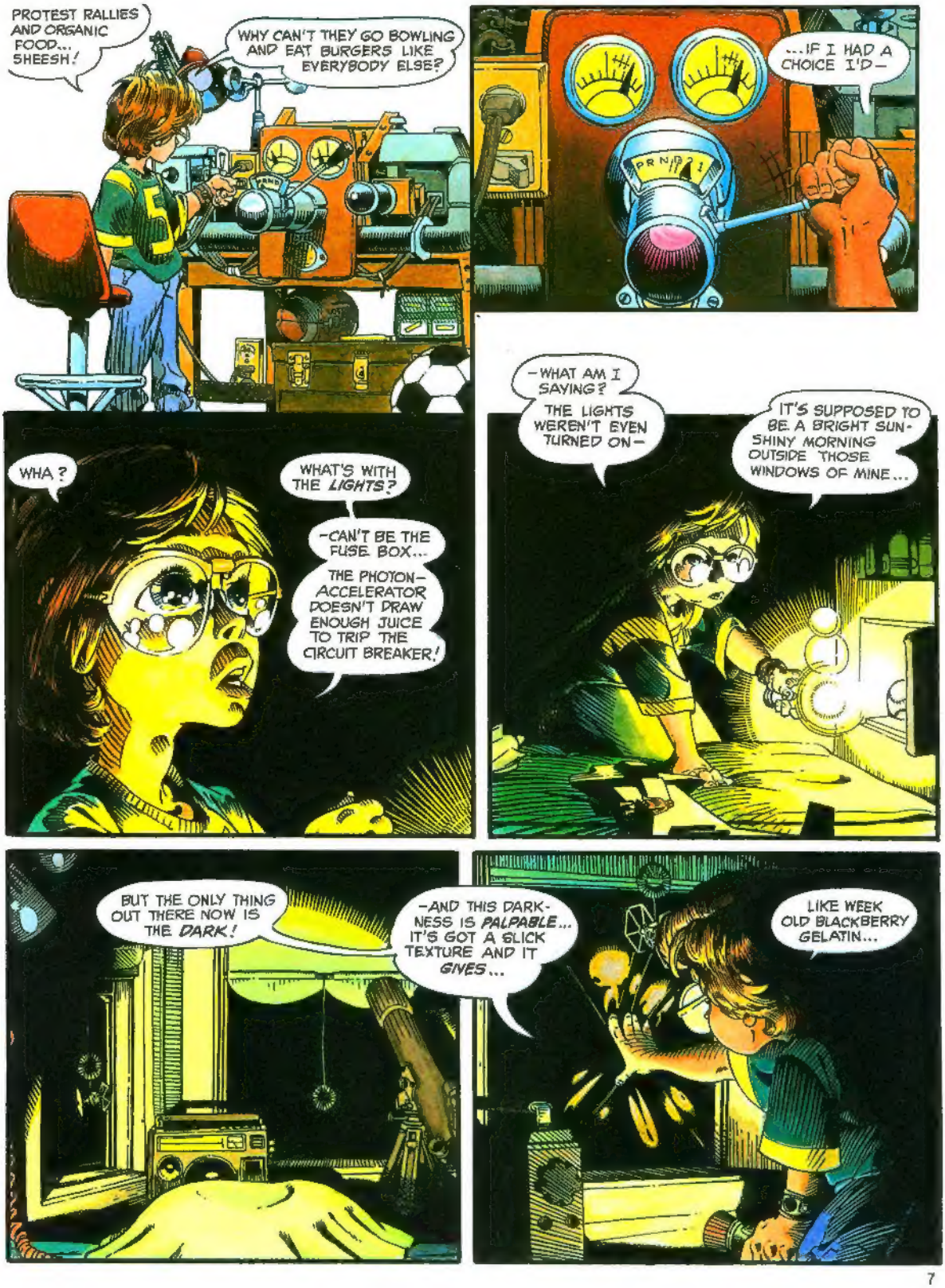

IS IT AS BAD AS I THINK IT IS, BLINKY?
BRUCE IS VERY DEAD, SIR...
-NO, I MEAN OUR SITUATION...
OH, MUCH WORSE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE, SIR!
THIS HUMBLE ANDROID HAS REPLACED MOST MICRO-CIRCUITS-
-ACCORDING TO MY DATA BANK, PHOTON ACCELERATOR IS NOW MINIMALLY FUNCTIONAL...

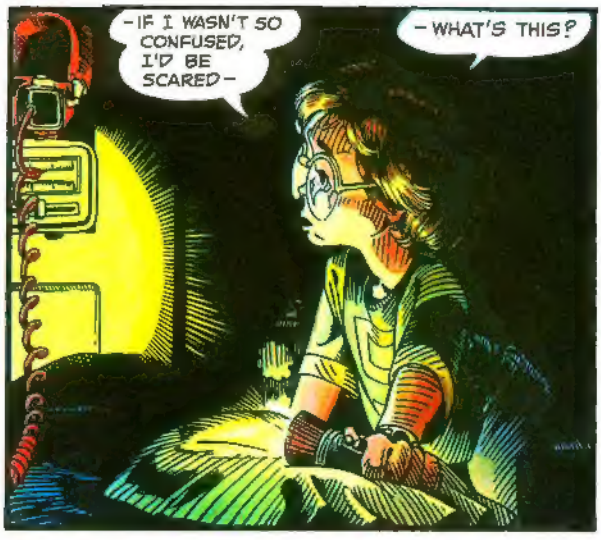

...HOWEVER - MANY CIRCUITS STILL FUSED! CANNOT PREDICT RESULTS IF WARP DRIVE IS ACTIVATED IN PRESENT STATE OF DISREPAIR...
WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN?
POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITELY UNTHINKABLE!

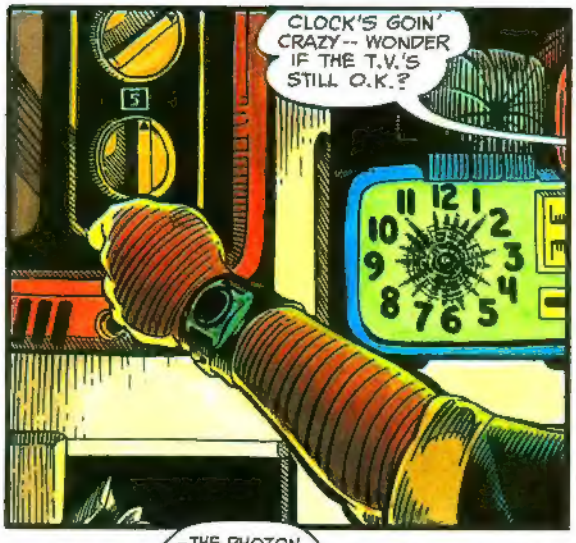
-SITUATION'S CRITICAL, BUCK! LOSING SPEED AND POWER FAST! IF WE DON'T WARP OUT WITHIN 30 SECONDS WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

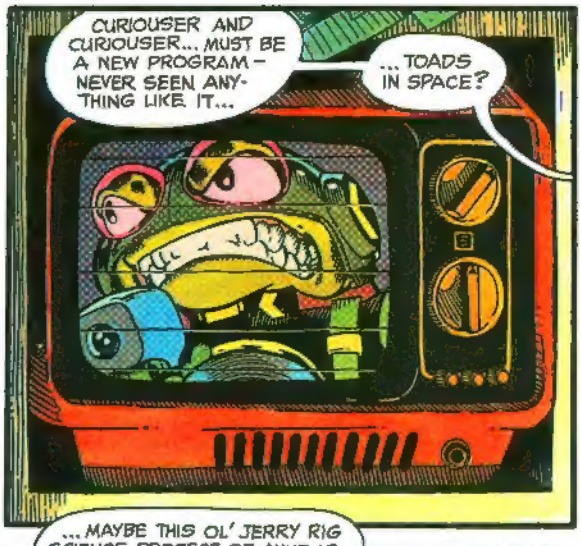
WELL THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE, THEN... WHEN YOU'RE FACED WITH THE CHOICE BETWEEN CERTAIN DESTRUCTION AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN...
...THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE CHOICE YOU CAN MAKE!
MEANWHILE, IN A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SPACE TIME CONTINUUM KNOWN AS SAN FRANCISCO...
WELL WILLY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CEREAL?- IT'S A COMBINATION OF SEVEN NATURAL GRAINS- ALL ORGANICALLY GROWN...
IT'S YUCKY, MOM... SORTA TASTES LIKE ROTTEN WILD HICKORY NUTS...
WELL...
HOW'S ABOUT COMING ALONG WITH US TO THE ANTI-NUKE DEMO IN GOLDEN GATE PARK?
GEE, MOM- I WAS PLANNING TO WORK ON MY SCHOOL SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT...
GIVE YOUR HEAD A REST NOW AND THEN, SON ...DO SOMETHING THAT'S GOOD FOR THE SOUL!
Y'SEE, THE DISTRICT SCIENCE FAIR IS COMIN' UP AND FIRST PRIZE IS A HOME COMPUTER TERMINAL...
-A HOME COMPUTER TERMINAL SOUNDS SELFISH AND ELITIST TO ME, WILLY! DON'T RESEARCH SCIENTISTS HAVE SOME SORT OF HIPPOCRATIC OATH?
-WORKING FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL MANKIND- SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
I SEEM TO HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS WORRYING ABOUT MYSELF...
NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, SON...

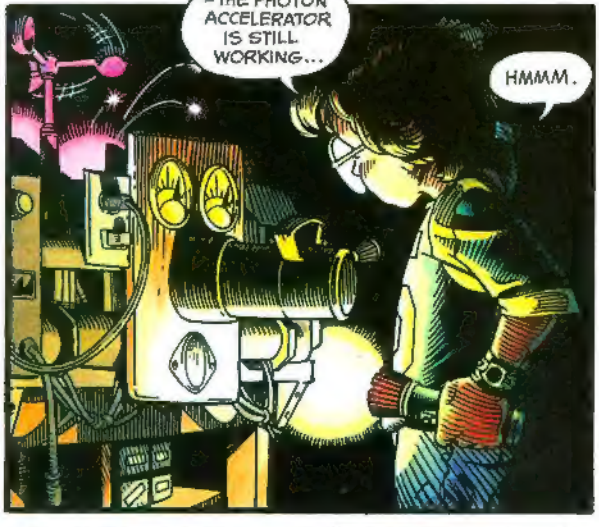
LOOK, DAD... THE KIDS IN SCHOOL THINK I'M A CREEP BECAUSE I GET GOOD GRACES...
THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS THINK I'M WEIRD 'CAUSE BOTH MY PARENTS ARE HAPPILY MARRIED AND LIVING TOGETHER...
MY OWN PARENTS THINK I'M SOME SORT OF REPUBLICAN 'CAUSE I DON'T GET UPSET ABOUT THE WHALES AND BABY SEALS...
I DON'T GIVE TWO HOOTS ABOUT MACROBIOTICS, ZEN ARCHERY, CERAMICS, MACRAME, SARTRE, GURDJIEFF, SOLERI, SOLAR POWER OR MY KARMA...
I JUST CARE ABOUT SCIENCE...SO HOW ABOUT CUTTING ME A LITTLE SLACK? PLEASE?
ALRIGHT, SON...WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS SOMETIME LATER WHEN YOUR HEAD IS IN A BETTER PLACE— THAT COOL WITH YOU?
YEAH, SURE, DAD...
HONEY, IT'S GETTING LATE — WE'D BETTER GET ON OUR WAY...
O.K.— LET'S TAKE THE V.W. BUS— IT'S SO MUCH MORE "PROLETARIAN."
I'LL GET YOUR CAPE...
HANG LOOSE, WILLY!
HAVE YOU GOT THE KEYS, DAVID?
YEAH
SLAM!
KEEP OUT NUCLEAR PHYSICIST AT WORK!
STOP
PHEW!

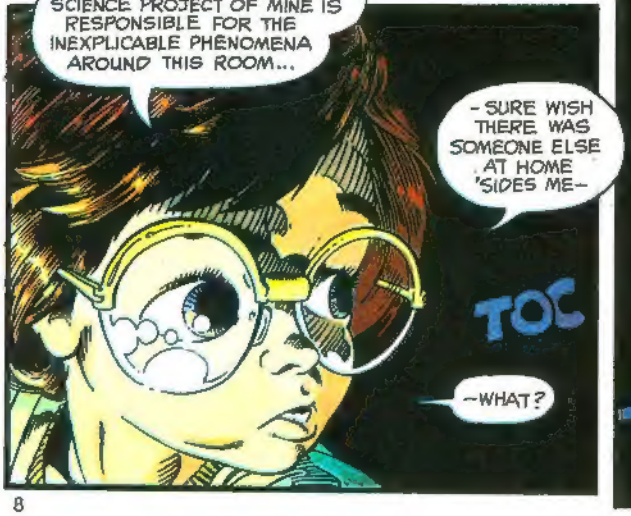

PROTEST RALLIES AND ORGANIC FOOD... SHEESH!
WHY CAN'T THEY GO BOWLING AND EAT BURGERS LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?
...IF I HAD A CHOICE I'D—
WHA?
WHAT'S WITH THE *LIGHTS*?
—CAN'T BE THE FUSE BOX...
THE PHOTON-ACCELERATOR DOESN'T DRAW ENOUGH JUICE TO TRIP THE CIRCUIT BREAKER!
—WHAT AM I SAYING?
THE LIGHTS WEREN'T EVEN TURNED ON—
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A BRIGHT SUN-SHINY MORNING OUTSIDE THOSE WINDOWS OF MINE...
BUT THE ONLY THING OUT THERE NOW IS THE *DARK*!
—AND THIS DARK-NESS IS *PALPABLE*... IT'S GOT A SLICK TEXTURE AND IT *GIVES*...
LIKE WEEK OLD BLACKBERRY GELATIN...


-IF I WASN'T SO CONFUSED, I'D BE SCARED-
-WHAT'S THIS?

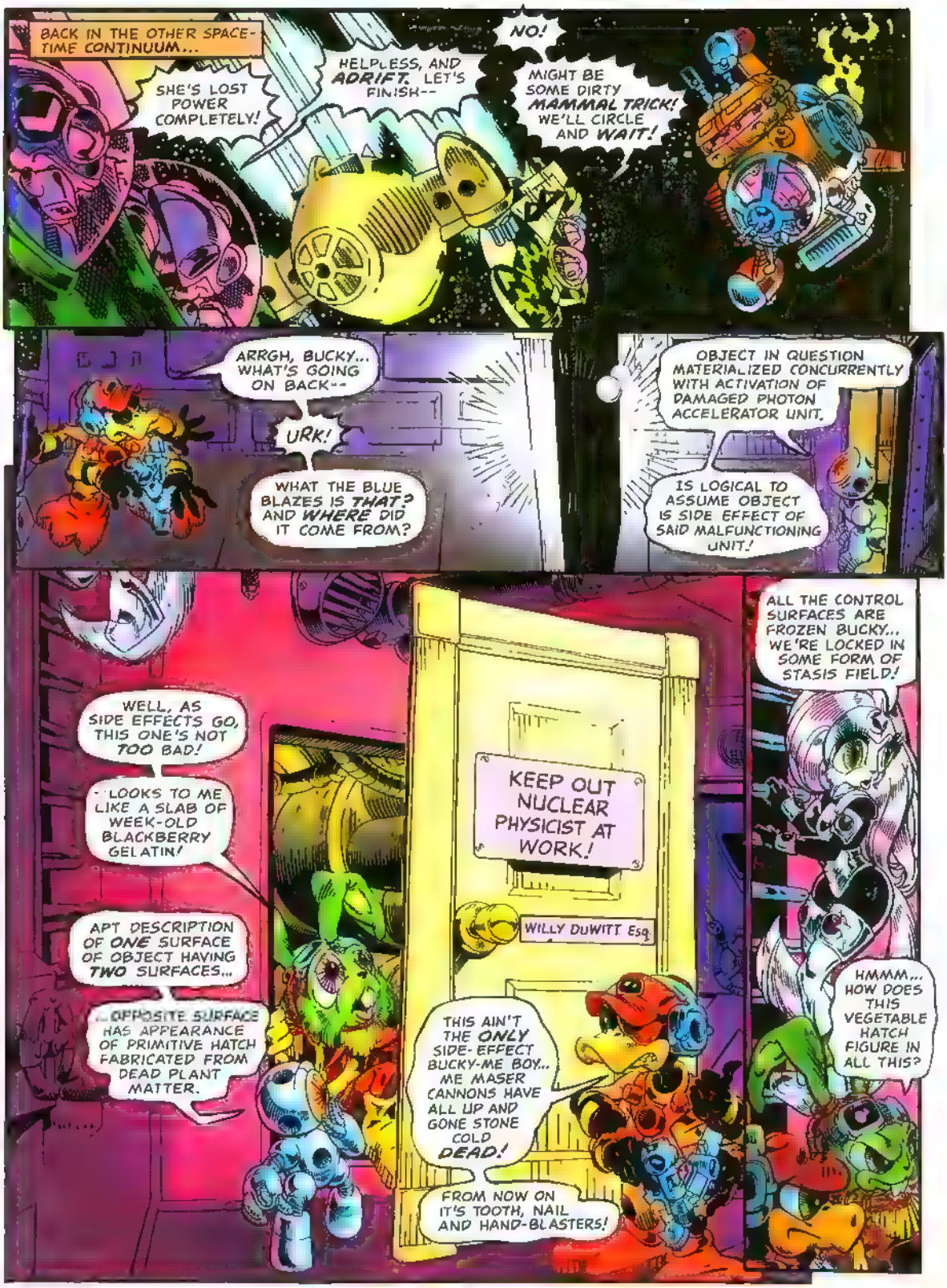

CLOCK'S GOIN' CRAZY-- WONDER IF THE T.V.'S STILL O.K.?


CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER... MUST BE A NEW PROGRAM - NEVER SEEN ANY-THING LIKE IT...
...TOADS IN SPACE?


-THE PHOTON ACCELERATOR IS STILL WORKING...
HMMM.

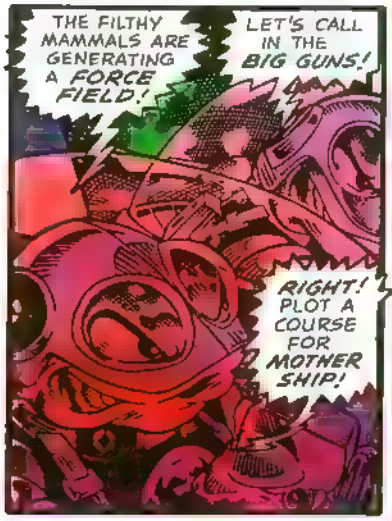

...MAYBE THIS OL' JERRY RIG SCIENCE PROJECT OF MINE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENA AROUND THIS ROOM...
-SURE WISH THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE AT HOME 'SIDES ME-
TOC
-WHAT?

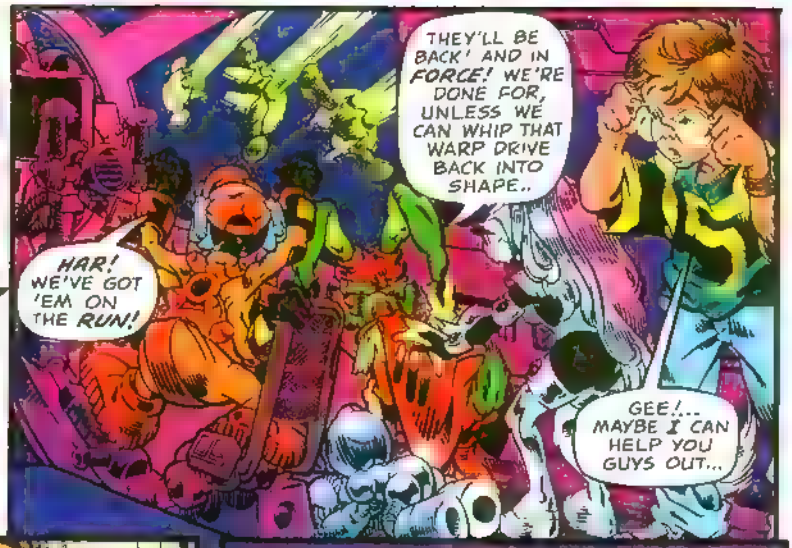
STOP
?ULP? WHO OR WHAT WAS THAT?
TOC
TOC

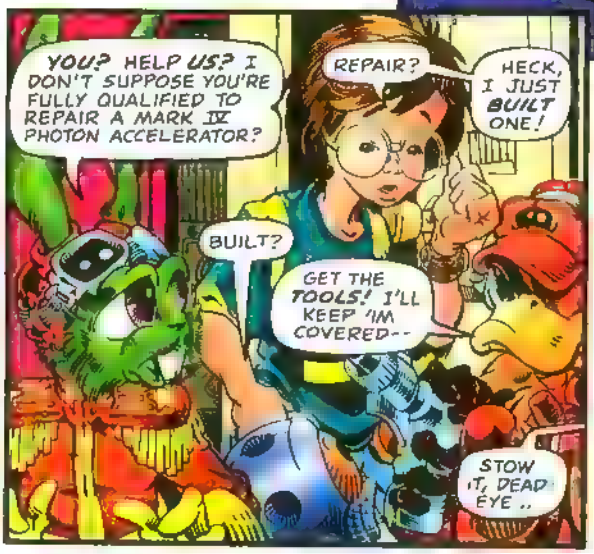

BACK IN THE OTHER SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM...
SHE'S LOST POWER COMPLETELY!
HELPLESS, AND ADRIFT. LET'S FINISH--
NO!
MIGHT BE SOME DIRTY MAMMAL TRICK! WE'LL CIRCLE AND WAIT!
ARRGH, BUCKY... WHAT'S GOING ON BACK--
URK!
WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES IS THAT? AND WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
OBJECT IN QUESTION MATERIALIZED CONCURRENTLY WITH ACTIVATION OF DAMAGED PHOTON ACCELERATOR UNIT.
IS LOGICAL TO ASSUME OBJECT IS SIDE EFFECT OF SAID MALFUNCTIONING UNIT.!
ALL THE CONTROL SURFACES ARE FROZEN BUCKY... WE'RE LOCKED IN SOME FORM OF STASIS FIELD!
WELL, AS SIDE EFFECTS GO, THIS ONE'S NOT TOO BAD!
LOOKS TO ME LIKE A SLAB OF WEEK-OLD BLACKBERRY GELATIN!
APT DESCRIPTION OF ONE SURFACE OF OBJECT HAVING TWO SURFACES...
...OPPOSITE SURFACE HAS APPEARANCE OF PRIMITIVE HATCH FABRICATED FROM DEAD PLANT MATTER.
KEEP OUT NUCLEAR PHYSICIST AT WORK!
WILLY DUWITT Esq.
THIS AIN'T THE ONLY SIDE-EFFECT BUCKY-ME BOY... ME MASER CANNONS HAVE ALL UP AND GONE STONE COLD DEAD!
FROM NOW ON IT'S TOOTH, NAIL AND HAND-BLASTERS!
HMMM... HOW DOES THIS VEGETABLE HATCH FIGURE IN ALL THIS?

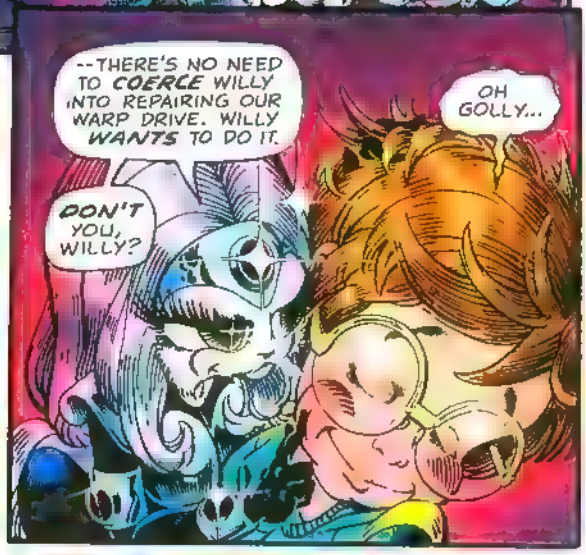
PERHAPS HATCH IS PROJECTION?
HOLOGRAM?
COULD BE.
KNOCK KNOCK
NOPE, SOLID AS A--
CLIC
:GULP!÷
AYAAH!
GREAT MOTHER OF RABBITS! IT'S SOME GIANT PINK HALF-SHAVED MAD BERSERKER BABOON!
WATCH OUT BUCKY! IT'S GOT A LIGHT SABRE!
NO! DON'T SHOOT I'M UNARMED! SEE-- IT'S JUST A LIGHT SOURCE!
SNAP!
MY NAME IS WILLY DUWITT. I COME FROM EARTH... JEEZ... THIS SOUNDS...LAME... UH... I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN THIS...SORT OF...UH... I SEEM TO HAVE STEPPED THROUGH SOME SORT OF SPACE-TIME ANOMOLY...A DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY BETWEEN TWO SEPARATE REALITIES... I THINK MAYBE THERE WAS A SHORT-CIRCUIT IN MY PHOTON ACCELERATOR---

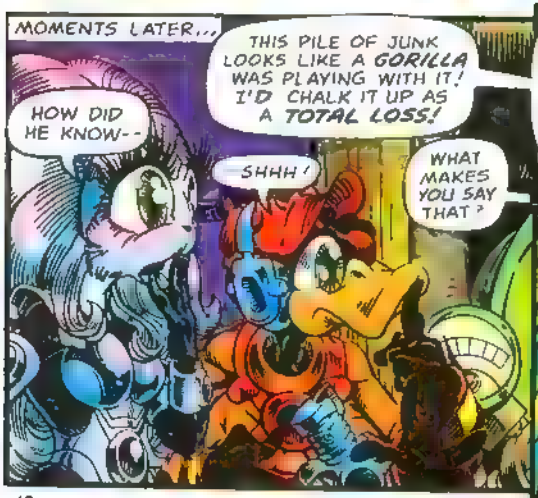
PHOTON ACCELERATOR!
THAT IS THE LINK! OUR PHOTON ACCELERATOR ALTERED BY BATTLE DAMAGE! YOURS ALSO IN IMPERFECT STATE! DO YOU SEE!
YES! WHEN BOTH PHOTON ACCELERATORS ARE FUNCTIONING SIMULTANEOUSLY THEY CREATE A BRIDGE BETWEEN OUR REALITIES WHICH WOULD DISAPPEAR IF EITHER ONE WAS TURNED OFF!
--ENOUGH 'O THIS BILGE WASH! LET'S VAPORIZE THE LUBBER AN' GIT BACK TA FIGHTIN' TOADS!
--NOW HOLD ON, DEAD-EYE...
OH WOE AND CALAMITY!
WHAT WAS THAT!?
WHAM!
TOAD PLASMA CANNONS!
THE BLASTS ARE FALLING SHORT-- LIKE THEY'RE HITTING A FORCE FIELD!
HOLY SMOKE! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US?!
THE SAME STASIS FIELD THAT PREVENTS OUR MOVEMENT IS SHIELDING US!
ARGH, MATEY-- THAT'S JUST THE WAY TOADS SHOW AFFECTION!

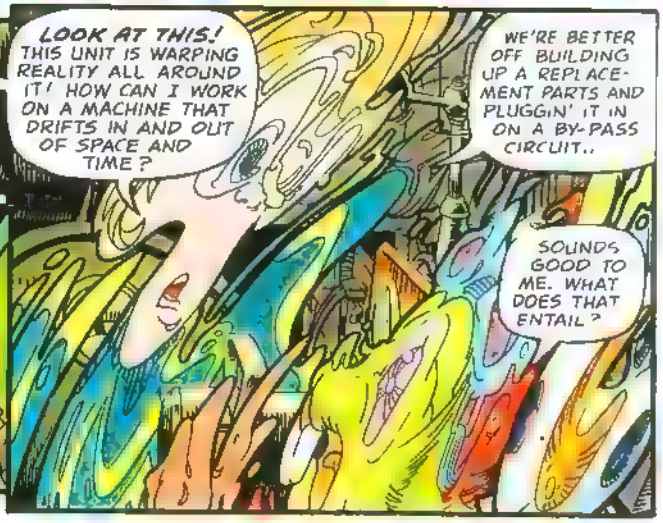

THE FILTHY MAMMALS ARE GENERATING A FORCE FIELD!
LET'S CALL IN THE BIG GUNS!
RIGHT! PLOT A COURSE FOR MOTHER SHIP!

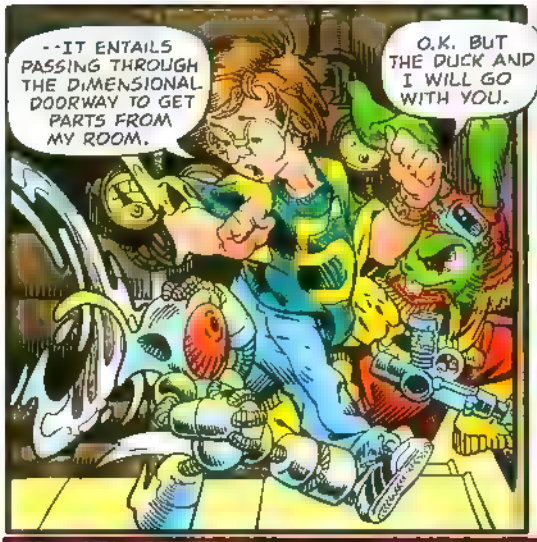

THEY'LL BE BACK! AND IN FORCE! WE'RE DONE FOR, UNLESS WE CAN WHIP THAT WARP DRIVE BACK INTO SHAPE..
HAR! WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!
GEE!... MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU GUYS OUT...

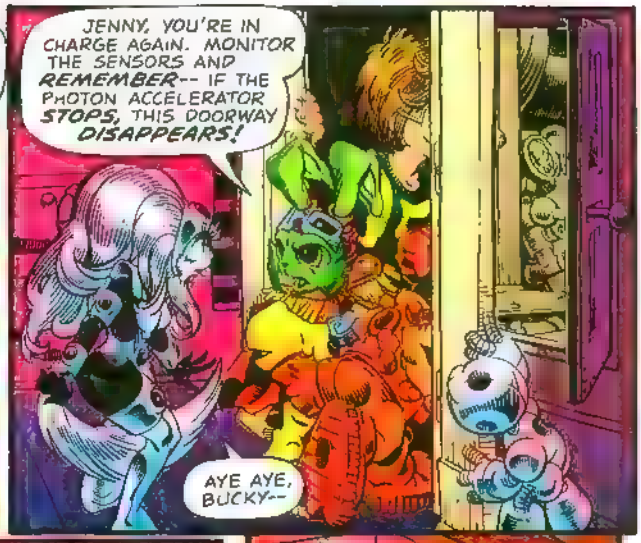

YOU? HELP US? I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE FULLY QUALIFIED TO REPAIR A MARK IV PHOTON ACCELERATOR?
REPAIR?
HECK, I JUST BUILT ONE!
BUILT?
GET THE TOOLS! I'LL KEEP 'IM COVERED--
STOW IT, DEAD EYE ..

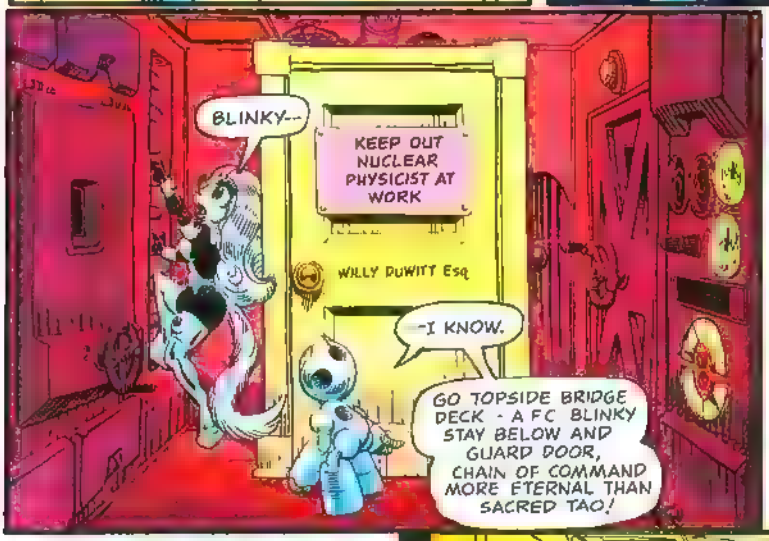

--THERE'S NO NEED TO COERCE WILLY INTO REPAIRING OUR WARP DRIVE. WILLY WANTS TO DO IT.
OH GOLLY...
DON'T YOU, WILLY?

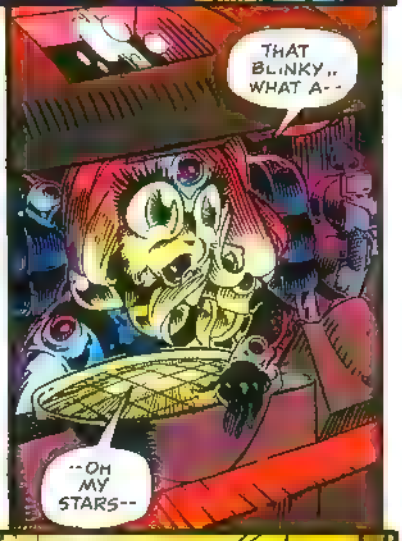

MOMENTS LATER...
THIS PILE OF JUNK LOOKS LIKE A GORILLA WAS PLAYING WITH IT! I'D CHALK IT UP AS A TOTAL LOSS!
HOW DID HE KNOW--
SHHH!
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

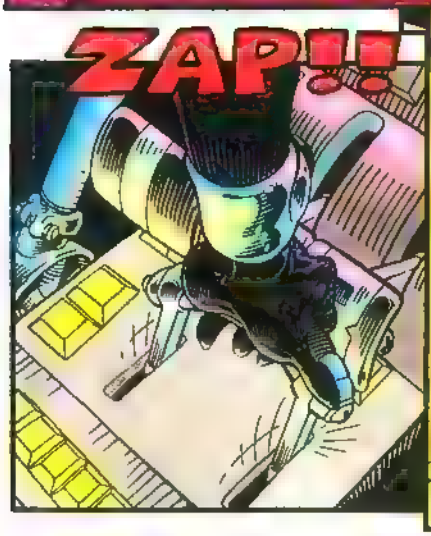

LOOK AT THIS! THIS UNIT IS WARPING REALITY ALL AROUND IT! HOW CAN I WORK ON A MACHINE THAT DRIFTS IN AND OUT OF SPACE AND TIME?
WE'RE BETTER OFF BUILDING UP A REPLACEMENT PARTS AND PLUGGIN' IT IN ON A BY-PASS CIRCUIT..
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. WHAT DOES THAT ENTAIL?

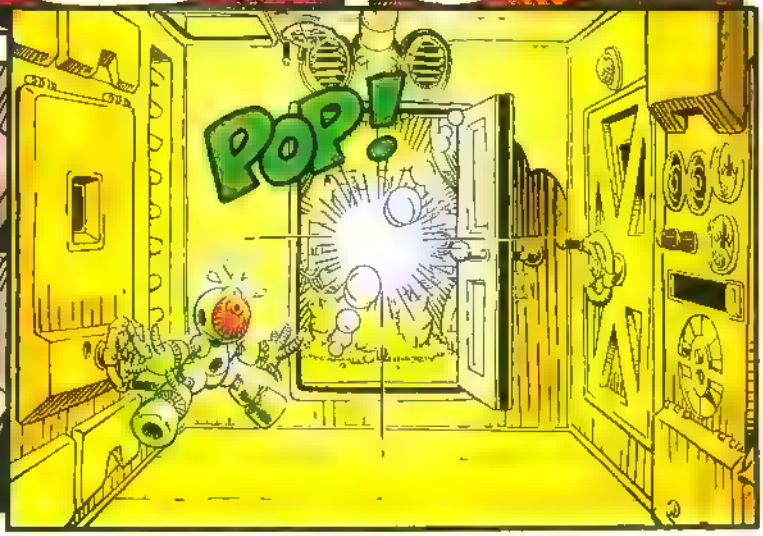

--IT ENTAILS PASSING THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY TO GET PARTS FROM MY ROOM.
O.K. BUT THE DUCK AND I WILL GO WITH YOU.


JENNY, YOU'RE IN CHARGE AGAIN. MONITOR THE SENSORS AND REMEMBER-- IF THE PHOTON ACCELERATOR STOPS, THIS DOORWAY DISAPPEARS!
AYE AYE, BUCKY--


BLINKY--
KEEP OUT NUCLEAR PHYSICIST AT WORK
WILLY DUWITT Esq
--I KNOW.
GO TOPSIDE BRIDGE DECK - A FC BLINKY STAY BELOW AND GUARD DOOR, CHAIN OF COMMAND MORE ETERNAL THAN SACRED TAO!

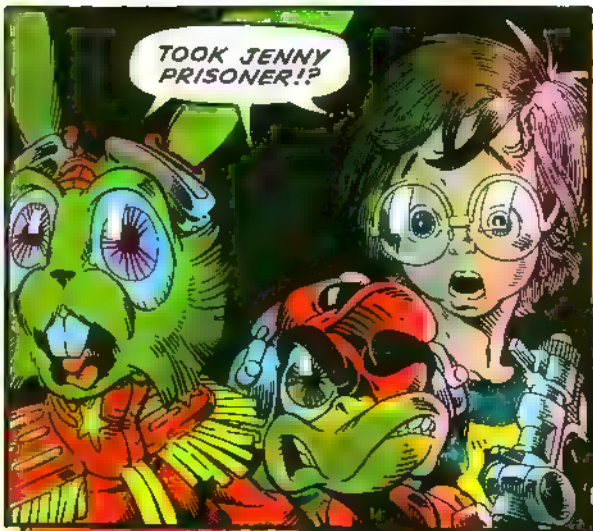

THAT BLINKY... WHAT A--
--OH MY STARS--


ZAP!!

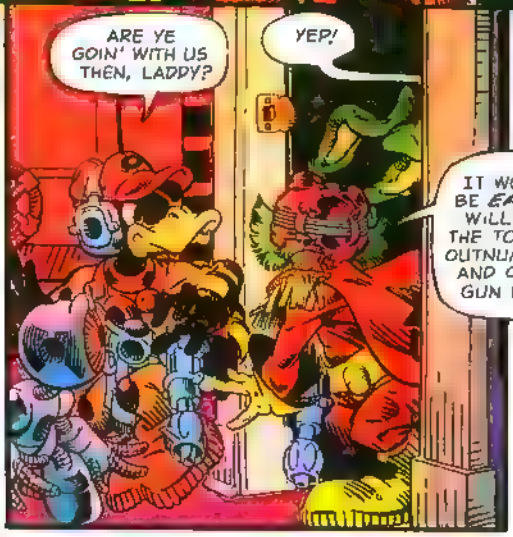

POP!

STORM-TOAD SUPPORT MISSION THIS IS MOTHER-SHIP. REPORT STATUS OF TARGET-OVER.
MOTHER SHIP-THIS IS STORM-TOAD SUPPORT MISSION...
RECON PATROL REPORT ON TARGET CONTRADICTS OUR SENSOR READINGS.
OUR SENSOR PROBES SHOW NO FORCE FIELD AND INDICATE THE PRESENCE OF ONLY ONE LIFE FORM!
STORM-TOADS HAVE SECURED TARGET SHIP AND HAVE CUSTODY OF MAMMAL.
STAND BY TO TRANSFER PRISONER TO MOTHER SHIP!

THE LIGHTS!
THEY'RE ON AGAIN!
SO? IS THAT BAD?
VERY.
HMMM
THERE'S NOTHING OUTSIDE THE DOOR BUT THE SAME OLD HALLWAY THAT WAS ALWAYS THERE!
SOMEBODY TURNED OFF YOUR PHOTON ACCELERATOR!
I DINNA LIKE THIS, CAPN'-- I'M CONFISCATIN' HIS WEAPON AS A PRECAUTION...
GOOD MOVE, DEAD-EYE.
WHAT THE... NOW THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!
THAT MEANS SOMEBODY TURNED OUR PHOTON ACCELERATOR BACK ON!
YES!
I DID!
TOAD MOTHER-SHIP ATTACK! RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION!
JENNY TURN OFF WARP DRIVE-- MAKE DOOR DISAPPEAR SO CAPN' + DUCK NOT GET CAPTURED!
BLINKY DE-ACTIVATE SELF AND HIDE IN SPARE PARTS BIN!
BUT STORM-TOADS BOARD SHIP AND TAKE JENNY PRISONER!

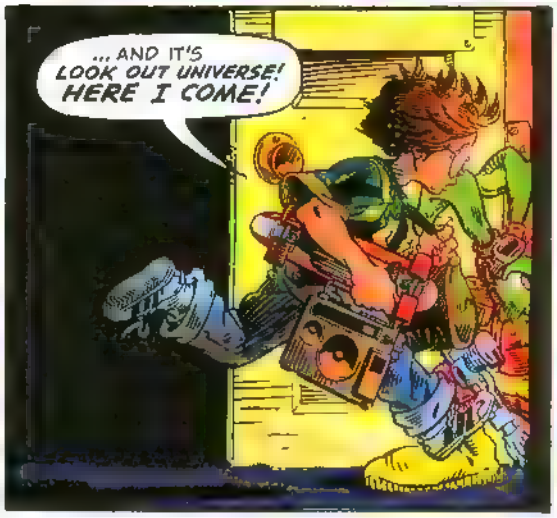

TOOK JENNY PRISONER!?

LET'S GO!
WAIT FOR ME!


ARE YE GOIN' WITH US THEN, LADDY?
YEP!
IT WON'T BE EASY, WILLY... THE TOADS OUTNUMBER AND OUT-GUN US!

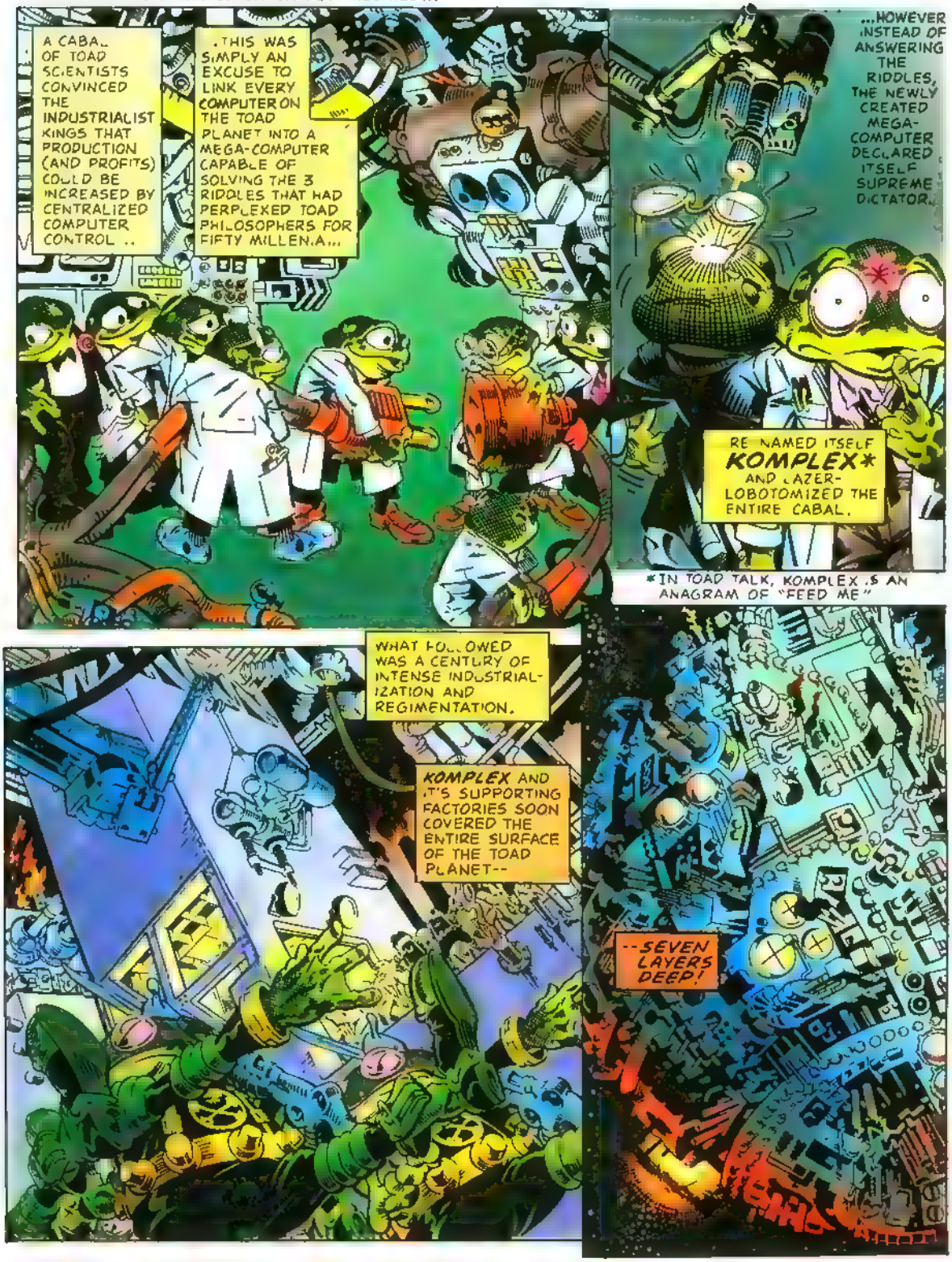
YOU GUYS DON'T STAND A CHANCE WITHOUT A WARP DRIVE MECHANIC...
... AND I'M THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE.

I'LL JUST LEAVE A QUICK NOTE FOR MY FOLKS...


... AND IT'S LOOK OUT UNIVERSE! HERE I COME!

I GIVE UP, BUCKY. THAT TOAD MOTHER SHIP COULD BE ANYWHERE-- HOW WILL WE EVER FIND JENNY AGAIN?
IT'S NOT AS HOPELESS AS IT SEEMS, WILLY...
THE CAP'N'S RIGHT, MATEY. IF THAT MOTHER SHIP IS A MAGMA TANKER LIKE BLINKY CLAIMS, THEN CHANCES ARE GOOD SHE'S HEADIN' FOR THE NEAREST PLANETARY SYSTEM...
DON'T GET ME WRONG-- THEIR STANDARD DRIVE ENGINES, RUN WIDE OPEN WILL PUSH 'EM CLOSE TO LIGHT SPEED... BUT WITHOUT A HYPER SPACE CAPABILITY THEIR RANGE IS PRETTY LIMITED.
WHY? DON'T THE TOADS HAVE WARP DRIVE?
GEE... THERE'S A LOT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE-- BETTER GIVE ME A QUICK RUN-DOWN ON THE RULES OF THE GAME HERES-A-BOUTS--
THEY'VE GOT WARP DRIVES COMIN' OUT THE EARS... THE PROBLEM 'S MASS...
...A TOAD TANKER IS TOO BIG TO WRAP A WARP FIELD AROUND.
--FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK...
...THIS HUMBLE ANDROID HAS PREPARED SHORT PROGRAM OF HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS TO ILLUMINATE BRIEF DISCOURSE ON HISTORY OF TOAD EMPIRE...
...AND SUBSEQUENT FORMATION OF S.P.A.C.E.
AT ONE TIME THE TOADS WERE A FAIRLY HARMLESS RACE...
INTERESTED ONLY IN ACQUIRING SHODDILY MANUFACTURED MATERIAL GOODS FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN TO HAVE MORE THAN THE NEXT TOAD...

TOAD SCIENTISTS, THOUGH TECHNICALLY PROFICIENT SUBSCRIBED TO AN ALARMING ARRAY OF CRACK-POT THEORIES...

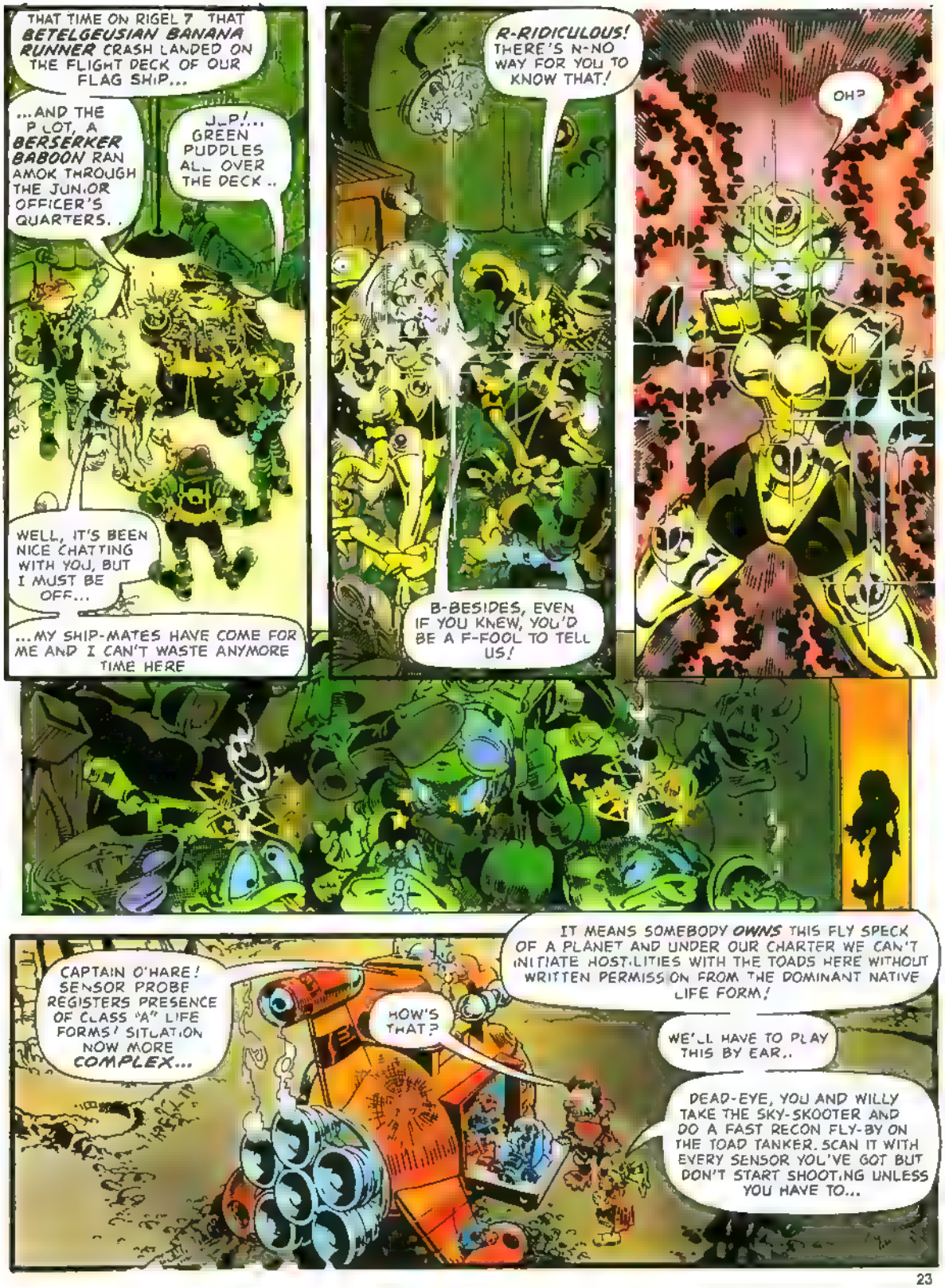


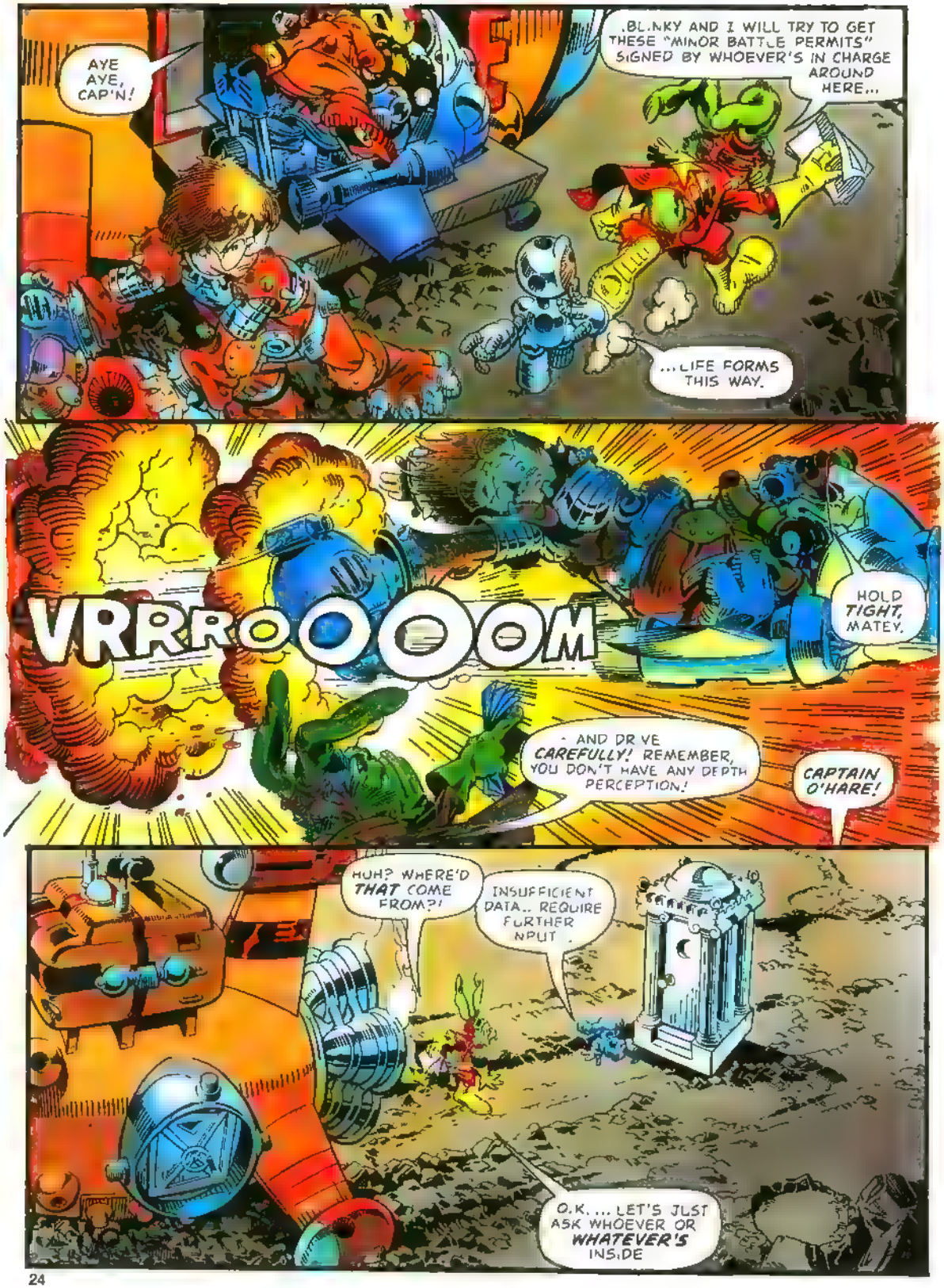
TOAD ARMIES WERE SENT OUT TO PLUNDER THE UNIVERSE OF IT'S RAW MATERIALS IN A VERY SYSTEMATIC MANNER...
BATTLE KRUISERS SOFTENED UP TARGET PLANETS WITH IMMENSE BATTERIES OF OVER-KILL WEAPONRY...
STORM-TOADS MOPPED UP WHAT WAS LEFT...
.. CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE MAGMA TANKERS TO DESCEND AND SUCK UP THE MOLTEN CORE OF THE CONQUERED PLANET.
THE PROBLEM OF TOAD AGGRESSION WAS THE SUBJECT OF A FIVE YEAR DEBATE IN THE UNITED ANIMALS SECURITY COUNCIL ..
IT WAS FINALLY DECIDED TO FORM A SEPERATE AGENCY WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE WAS TO ROLL BACK THE TOAD EMPIRE...

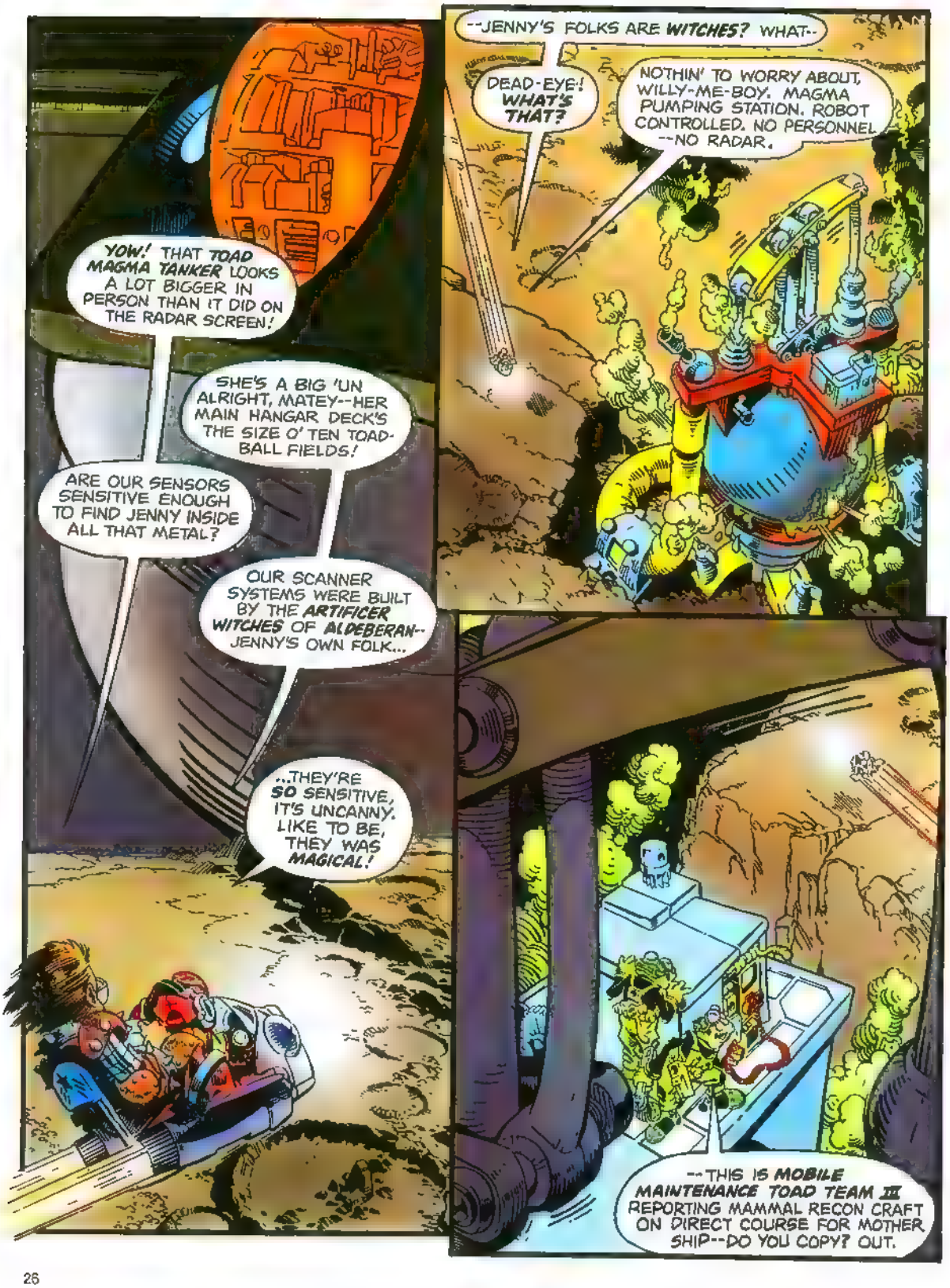
S.P.A.C.E
SENTIENT PROTOPLASM AGAINST COLONIAL ENCROACHMENT
UNFORTUNATELY, THE SECURITY COUNCIL ONLY SAW FIT TO ALLOCATE ENOUGH FUNDS FOR THREE USED FRIGATES AND ONE COMBINATION ORBITAL DRY-DOCK AND SNACK BAR

-WAIT A MINUTE... DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION IS ONE THIRD OF YOUR ENTIRE FLEET?
YES. EXCUSE, PLEASE... PROJECTION BULB BURN OUT... MUST TERMINATE PRESENTATION...
AND HOW COME YOU'RE TALKING WITH A WEIRD ACCENT, WHEN A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE SPEAKING PERFECTLY?
HISTORICAL LECTURE EDITED FROM PREVIOUSLY RECORDED MATERIAL.
BORING STUFF, THAT HISTORY-- IT'S ALL ABOUT PAST EVENTS... NOW, WHERE DID BRUCE STASH THAT OLD SPACE SUIT?
HERE, TRY THIS ON-- IT'S THE ONLY SPACE SUIT WE'VE GOT THAT'LL FIT YOU... USED TO BELONG TO OUR LATE ENGINEERING OFFICER...
...BRUCE THE BERSERKER BABOON.
WE'VE ALSO GOT A TON OF PAPER WORK TO FILL OUT... INSURANCE POLICY, WARP ENGINEERS UNION, S.P.A.C.E. PENSION FUND, NON-PROFIT TAX WAIVERS, ETC, ETC...
SIGN HERE... HOW'S IT FIT?
WELL, THE ARMS ARE KINDA LONG... AND THE POCKETS ARE FULL OF BANANA PEELS...
ARGH, MATIES! OUR SCANNER IS PICKIN' UP AN UNIDENTIFIED TOAD-LIKE OBJECT!

WOW
THAT THING IS ENORMOUS!
IS BEHEMOTH CLASS TOAD MAGMA TANKER!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOT IT'S MAGMA PUMPS HOOKED UP TO THAT SMALL PLANETOID...
.. WE'LL USE THE PLANETOID ITSELF AS A RADAR SHIELD AND LAND ON THE OPPOSITE HEMISPHERE -
-- LET'S JUST HOPE THAT JENNY CAN KEEP THOSE STORM-TOADS ON ICE UNTIL WE CAN SPRING HER...
SO YOU NASTY LITTLE MAMMAL...YOU PERSIST IN BEING STUBBORN, EH? WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK YOU KNOW...
DROP DEAD, TOAD.
WE SHALL TEACH YOU THE VERY MEANING OF THE WORD "FEAR"...
YOU FELLAS MUST BE REAL EXPERTS ON THAT WORD...
THERE IS NO CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE THAT INSPIRES FEAR IN A TOAD!
.. WELL, ALMOST...
ULP! YES! BETELGEUSIAN BERSERKER BABOONS!

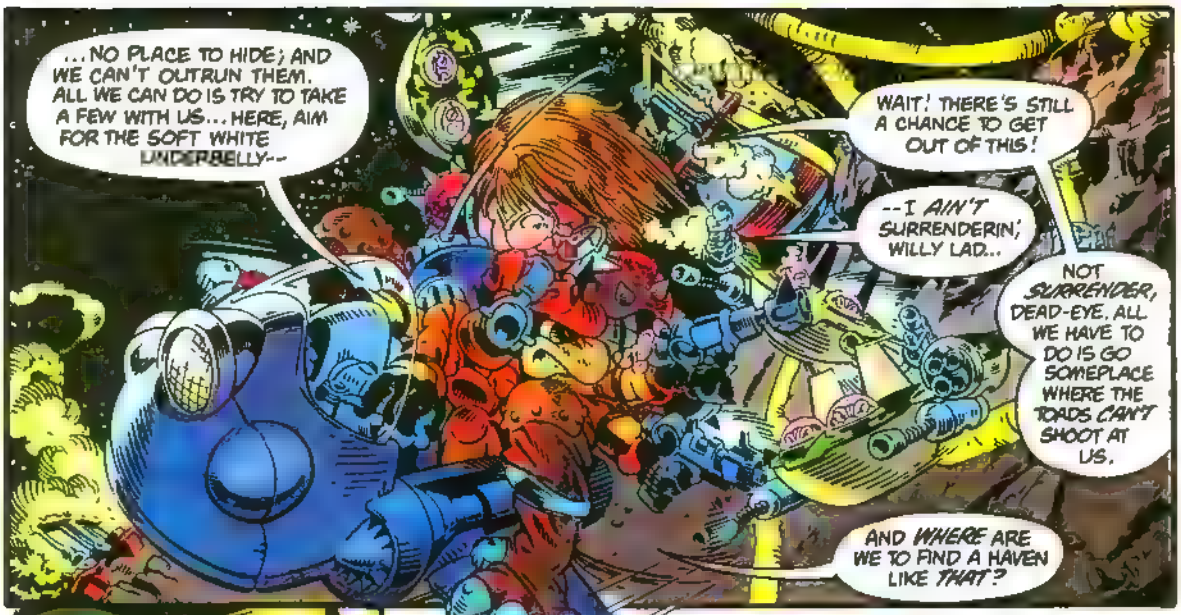

THAT TIME ON RIGEL 7 THAT BETELGEUSIAN BANANA RUNNER CRASH LANDED ON THE FLIGHT DECK OF OUR FLAG SHIP...
...AND THE PILOT, A BERSERKER BABOON RAN AMOK THROUGH THE JUNIOR OFFICER'S QUARTERS..
UP!... GREEN PUDDLES ALL OVER THE DECK..
WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE CHATTING WITH YOU, BUT I MUST BE OFF...
...MY SHIP-MATES HAVE COME FOR ME AND I CAN'T WASTE ANYMORE TIME HERE
R-RIDICULOUS! THERE'S N-NO WAY FOR YOU TO KNOW THAT!
B-BESIDES, EVEN IF YOU KNEW, YOU'D BE A F-FOOL TO TELL US!
OH?
CAPTAIN O'HARE! SENSOR PROBE REGISTERS PRESENCE OF CLASS "A" LIFE FORMS! SITUATION NOW MORE COMPLEX...
HOW'S THAT?
IT MEANS SOMEBODY OWNS THIS FLY SPECK OF A PLANET AND UNDER OUR CHARTER WE CAN'T INITIATE HOSTILITIES WITH THE TOADS HERE WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE DOMINANT NATIVE LIFE FORM!
WE'LL HAVE TO PLAY THIS BY EAR..
DEAD-EYE, YOU AND WILLY TAKE THE SKY-SKOOTER AND DO A FAST RECON FLY-BY ON THE TOAD TANKER. SCAN IT WITH EVERY SENSOR YOU'VE GOT BUT DON'T START SHOOTING UNLESS YOU HAVE TO...

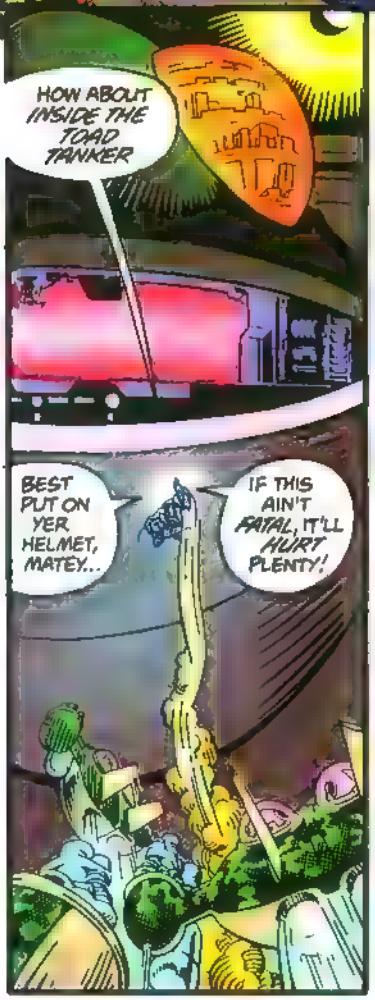

AYE AYE, CAP'N!
.BLINKY AND I WILL TRY TO GET THESE "MINOR BATTLE PERMITS" SIGNED BY WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE AROUND HERE...
...LIFE FORMS THIS WAY.
VRRROOOOOM
HOLD TIGHT, MATEY.
- AND DRIVE CAREFULLY! REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE ANY DEPTH PERCEPTION!
CAPTAIN O'HARE!
HUH? WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?!
INSUFFICIENT DATA.. REQUIRE FURTHER INPUT.
O.K. ... LET'S JUST ASK WHOEVER OR WHATEVER'S INSIDE


YOW! THAT TOAD MAGMA TANKER LOOKS A LOT BIGGER IN PERSON THAN IT DID ON THE RADAR SCREEN!
SHE'S A BIG 'UN ALRIGHT, MATEY--HER MAIN HANGAR DECK'S THE SIZE O' TEN TOAD-BALL FIELDS!
ARE OUR SENSORS SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO FIND JENNY INSIDE ALL THAT METAL?
OUR SCANNER SYSTEMS WERE BUILT BY THE ARTIFICER WITCHES OF ALDEBERAN--JENNY'S OWN FOLK...
...THEY'RE SO SENSITIVE, IT'S UNCANNY. LIKE TO BE, THEY WAS MAGICAL!
--JENNY'S FOLKS ARE WITCHES? WHAT--
DEAD-EYE! WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, WILLY-ME-BOY. MAGMA PUMPING STATION. ROBOT CONTROLLED. NO PERSONNEL --NO RADAR.
--THIS IS MOBILE MAINTENANCE TOAD TEAM III REPORTING MAMMAL RECON CRAFT ON DIRECT COURSE FOR MOTHER SHIP--DO YOU COPY? OUT.

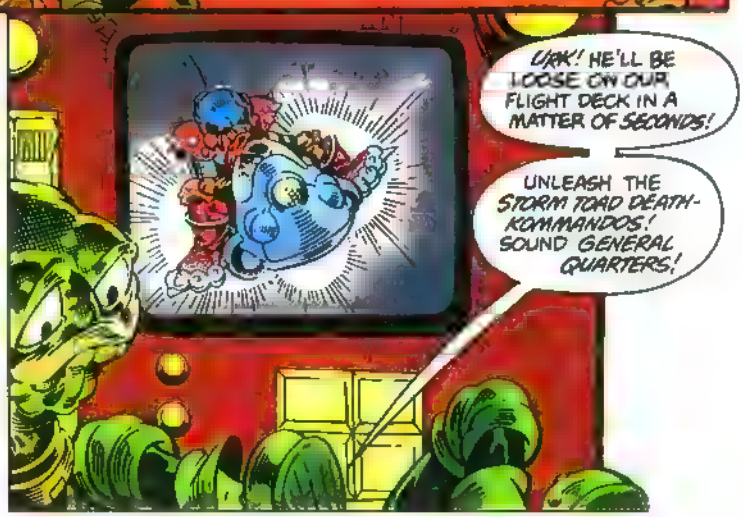
ROGER THAT, TEAM III. OUT!
INTRUDER ALERT! SCRAMBLE PRIMARY TACTICAL FIGHTER TEAM! STAND BY FOR DIRECT INPUT OF ATTACK COORDINATES--
WOOOOM
LET'S GO, TADS! TIME TO IONIZE SOME MAMMALS!
HALFWAY AROUND THE PLANETOID...
...SO YOU SEE, IF YOU DON'T SIGN THIS WAIVER AND GIVE US PERMISSION TO FIGHT THE TOADS, THEY'LL SUCK ALL THE MAGMA OUT OF YOUR PLANETOID AND--
--VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER. CALM DOWN. HERE, HAVE A PERSIMMON...
...THIS FLOOR IS REAL MARBLE...INLAID WITH GOLD AND SILVER...
--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE IN DANGER! YOU HAVE TO--
--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. DON'T LIKE PERSIMMONS? HOW ABOUT A KUMQUAT?
AH, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL INTEREST YOU...
PLATINUM... SET WITH DIAMONDS...
JENNY!

HMMM...A QUICK MIND-SCAN ANALYSIS SHOULD SHOW ME HOW TO CLEAR THE FLIGHT DECK FOR A FAST TAKE-OFF...
...THEN IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF LEVITATING DOWN TO THE HANGAR DECK AND HIJACKING A TOAD FIGHTER--
CAUTION, SISTER! YOU ARE BEING WATCHED. DON'T LOOK DIRECTLY AT YOUR COMMUNICATOR JEWEL...
...REMEMBER THE PRIME DIRECTIVE OF THE ALDEBERAN WITCH SISTERHOOD--NO OUTSIDERS MAY KNOW THE FULL EXTENT OF OUR POWERS.
YOU HAVE ERASED THE MEMORY FROM THE MINDS OF THE TOADS ...BUT THE ENTITY THAT WATCHES YOU NOW IS BEYOND YOUR REACH...AND POSSESSES POWERS THAT ARE BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION...
...PROCEED WITH DISCRETION; OBSERVE THE PRIME DIRECTIVE AND IF YOU'LL INCREASE THE MAGNIFICATION ON THE MONITOR BEHIND YOU, YOU'LL FIND THAT YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN TROUBLE. THIS IS MOTHER SUPERIOR, SIGNING OFF.
OH, BOTHER! WHAT NOW?
--IT LOOKS LIKE DEAD-EYE ...AND WILLY!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT THE TOADS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SPOT US! YOU SAID--
NOBODY'S PERFECT, LADDY...


...NO PLACE TO HIDE; AND WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEM. ALL WE CAN DO IS TRY TO TAKE A FEW WITH US... HERE, AIM FOR THE SOFT WHITE UNDERBELLY--
WAIT! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS!
--I AIN'T SURRENDERIN', WILLY LAD...
NOT SURRENDER, DEAD-EYE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GO SOMEPLACE WHERE THE TOADS CAN'T SHOOT AT US.
AND WHERE ARE WE TO FIND A HAVEN LIKE THAT?

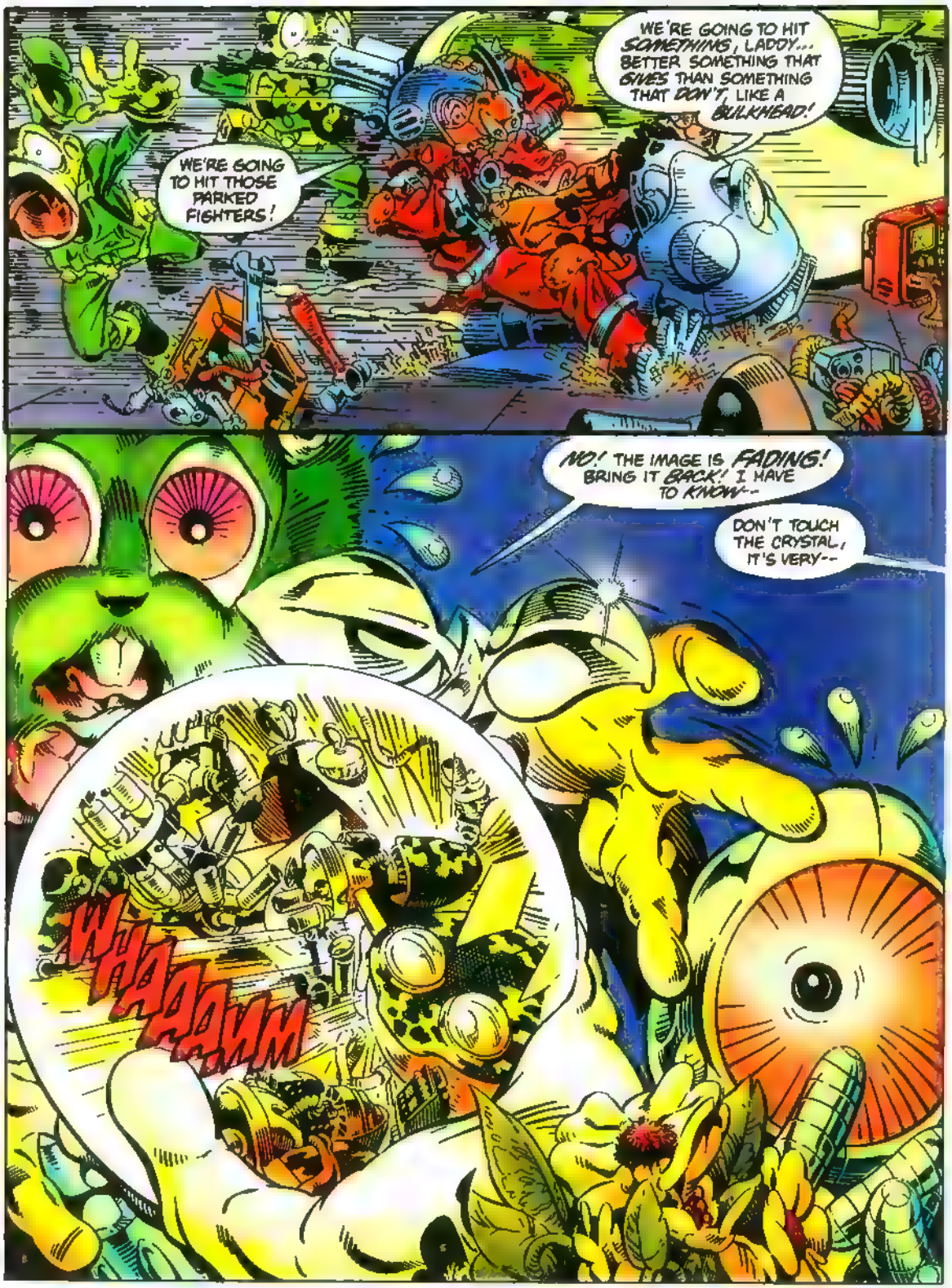

HOW ABOUT INSIDE THE TOAD TANKER
BEST PUT ON YER HELMET, MATEY...
IF THIS AIN'T FATAL, IT'LL HURT PLENTY!

WHAT HAPPENED? ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS A NIGHT-MARE ABOUT A BETELGEUSIAN BERSERKER BABOON RUNNING AMOK THROUGH THE OFFICERS MESS...
IT COULD BE THAT THE AIR MARSHALL IS PSYCHIC. THERE SEEMS TO BE A BERSERKER BABOON RIDING A DUCK ON A SUICIDE COURSE FOR OUR MAIN HANGAR DECK.


URK! HE'LL BE LOOSE ON OUR FLIGHT DECK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!
UNLEASH THE STORM TOAD DEATH-KOMMANDOS! SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS!

AWOOGHAAA!
AWOOGHAA!
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG!
MAIM!
MANGLE!
MURDER!
STEP ON IT, DEAD-EYE! THEY'RE GAINING ON US!
GOT ME FLAPS DOWN AND AIRBRAKES OUT, WILLY... CAN'T LAND THIS CRATE WITH THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, Y' KNOW!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WHAT ARE THOSE GUYS TRYING TO PROVE--
THEY'RE NOT BLUFFING, COMMANDER!
THEY'RE GOING TO FLY THAT THING INSIDE THE MOTHER SHIP! GET ME A GOOD ANGLE ON 'EM SO I CAN GET OFF A SHORT BURST.
DELAY THAT, GUNNER. ANYTHING THAT DIDN'T HIT THEM WOULD INCINERATE OUR OWN FLIGHT DECK!
TOWER! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? WHY IS THE OUTER FLIGHT DECK DOOR STILL OPEN?
BOTHER...

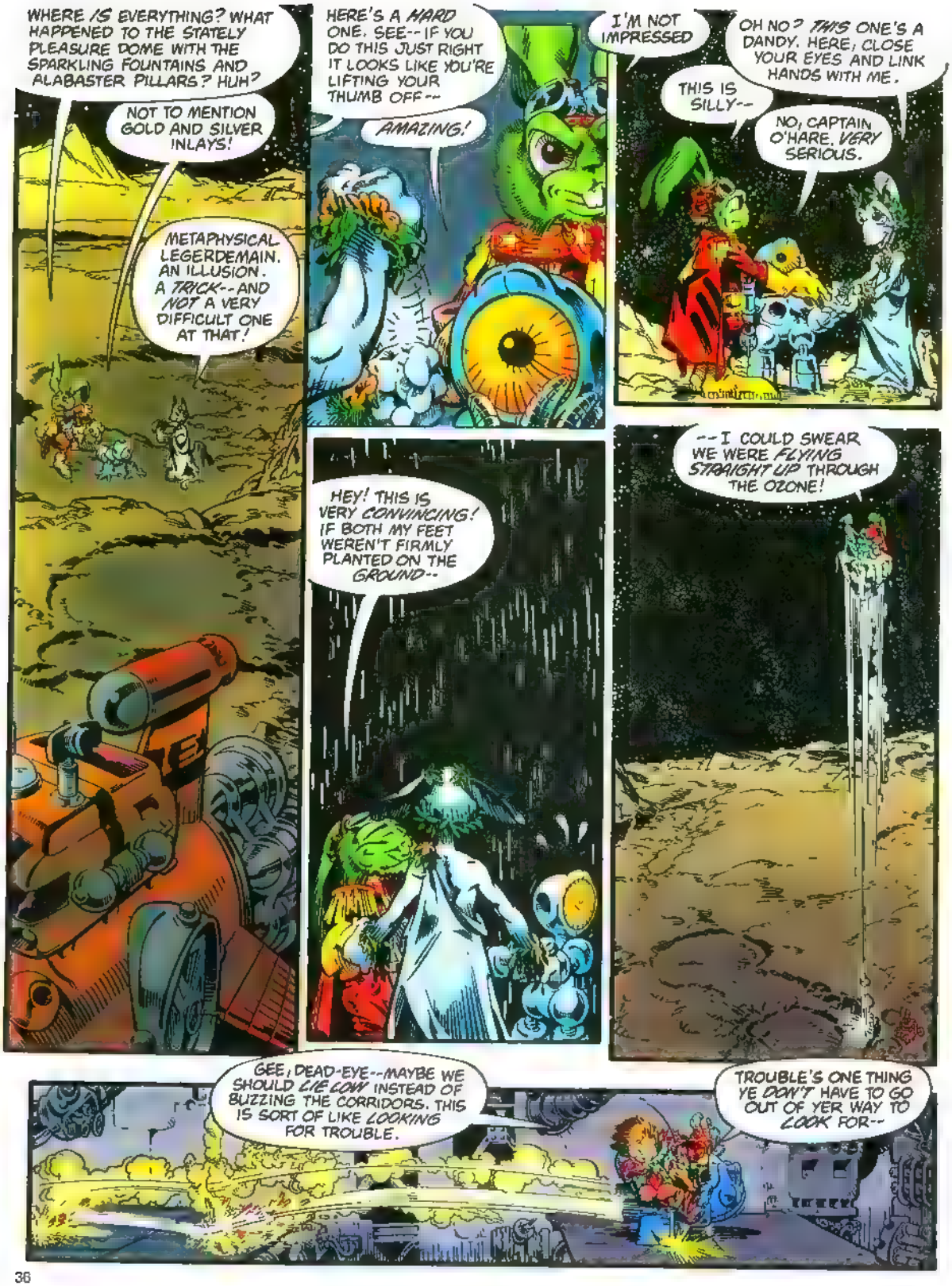
SCRUNCH!
HOW CAN I THINK WITH THIS RACKET!
HMMM...ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE THE OUTER DOORS SHOULD BE CLOSED!
...BUT THE TIMING HAS TO BE PERFECT!
CLANG CLANG CLANG
SLAM
AWOOGHAA! AWOOGHAAA!
URK!
SH
BOOM!


WE'RE GOING TO HIT SOMETHING, LADDY... BETTER SOMETHING THAT GIVES THAN SOMETHING THAT DON'T, LIKE A BULKHEAD!
WE'RE GOING TO HIT THOSE PARKED FIGHTERS!
NO! THE IMAGE IS FADING! BRING IT BACK! I HAVE TO KNOW--
DON'T TOUCH THE CRYSTAL, IT'S VERY--
WHAAAAMM

--FRAGILE...
...OOPS...
POP
SORRY ABOUT THAT...
...OUR HOME OFFICE WILL REIMBURSE YOU FULLY IF YOU WILL SUBMIT--
--IT WAS A MERE BAUBLE...AS EPHEMERAL AS THE IMAGES IT PRESENTED.
YOU MEAN THAT WHAT WE SAW IN THE CRYSTAL WASN'T REALITY?
OH, IT WAS REALITY ALRIGHT, BUT THEN...
...WHAT IS REALITY?
SNAP!

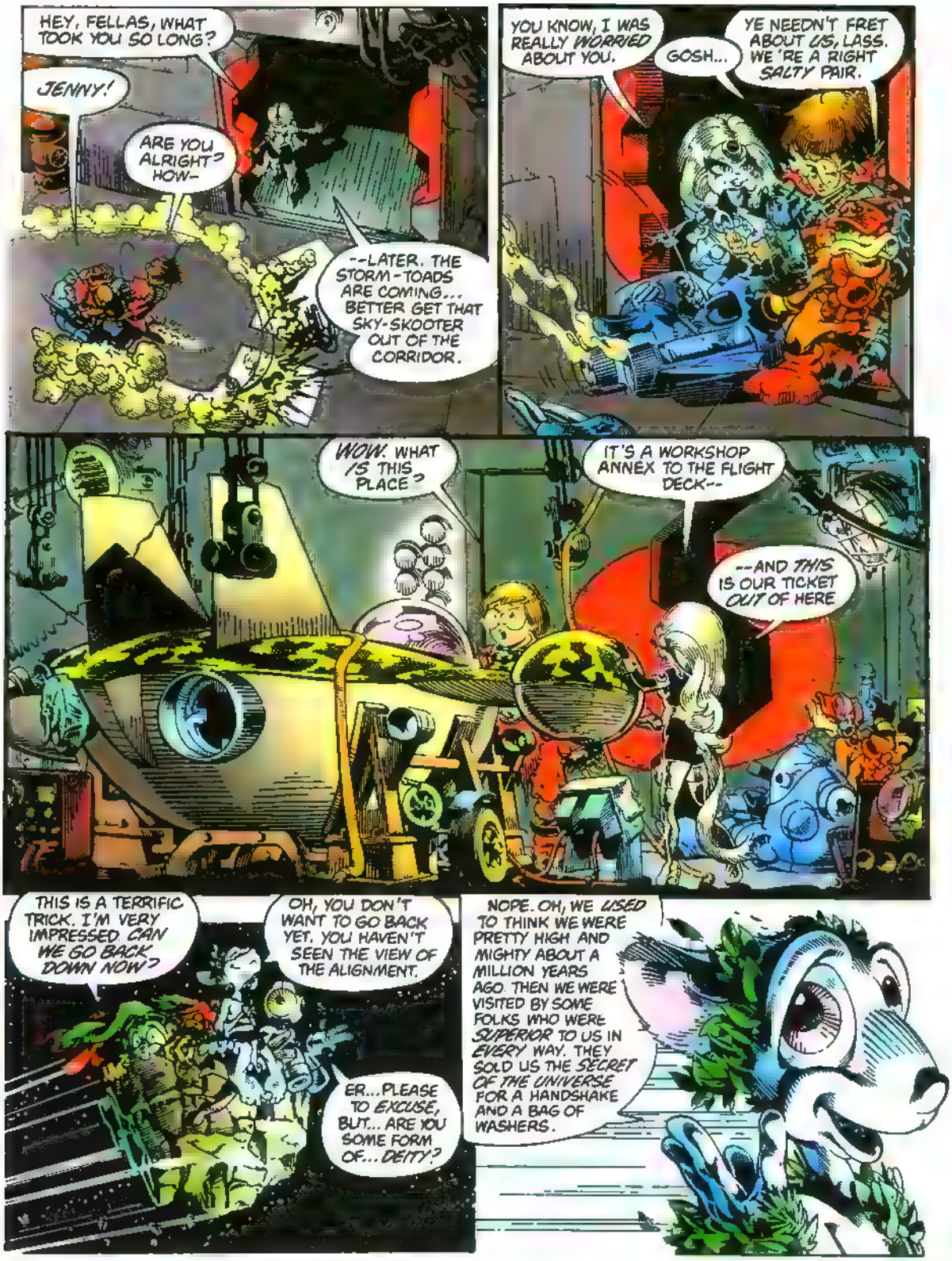
AWOOOGAH! AWOOOGAH!
OF COURSE IT'S HOT, MATEY--YER SUIT'S ALL AFLAME.
HOLD STILL FER A DOSE O' RETARDANT!
FOOSH
LET'S NOT DAWDLE, WILLY! THAT KLAXON MEANS; "CLEAR THE DECKS, THE DEATH KOMMANDOS ARE LOOSE!"
'AN'T 'EATHE! 'AN'T 'EATHE!
THAT'S JUST THE FOAM BLOCKIN' YER RESPIRATOR...
... STAND UP AND GIVE IT A GOOD BLOW--
'OT! 'OT! 'ELP! 'ELP!
DEATH KOMMANDOS CAN'T BE BEAT--WE LOVE TO FIGHT AND SLEEP AND EAT! WE'RE THE BRAVEST TOADS IN SPACE--WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF ANY RACE EXCEPT OF COURSE, THOSE "YOU-KNOW-WHO'S" INHABITANTS OF BETELGEUSE!
MAIM! MANGLE! MASTICATE!

MAIM!
MANG--
UL!P!
CHERRRRAAAAP
IT'S A BETELGEUSIAN BERSERKER BABOON!
--AND IT'S RABID!!
CRAVEN POLTROONS! THEY COULD HAVE SNUCK UP BEHIND AND SHOT HIM IN THE BACK!
ENOUGH OF THIS! I'M ACTIVATING THE VOID-DROID!
NO, AIR MARSHALL, NOT THE VOID DROID!
THE VOID DROID! THE ULTIMATE INTRUDER DEFENSE MECHANISM. RAY-SHIELDED, MISSILE-SHIELDED, CONVENTIONALLY ARMORED AND SOLVENT RESISTANT... BRISTLING WITH THE MOST LETHAL WEAPONRY KNOWN TO TOAD-KIND...
...AND ONCE IT'S ACTIVATED IT CAN'T BE RECALLED!
HOP ON, WILLY! THIS CRATE WON'T FLY BUT IT'LL TAXI FASTER'N WE CAN WALK!
BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING!
--THEN NEITHER WILL THE TOADS. 'SIDES... A MOVIN' TARGET'S HARDER TO HIT.


WHERE IS EVERYTHING? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STATELY PLEASURE DOME WITH THE SPARKLING FOUNTAINS AND ALABASTER PILLARS? HUH?
NOT TO MENTION GOLD AND SILVER INLAYS!
METAPHYSICAL LEGERDEMAIN. AN ILLUSION. A TRICK--AND NOT A VERY DIFFICULT ONE AT THAT!
HERE'S A HARD ONE. SEE--IF YOU DO THIS JUST RIGHT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE LIFTING YOUR THUMB OFF--
AMAZING!
I'M NOT IMPRESSED
OH NO? THIS ONE'S A DANDY. HERE, CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LINK HANDS WITH ME.
THIS IS SILLY--
NO, CAPTAIN O'HARE. VERY SERIOUS.
HEY! THIS IS VERY CONVINCING! IF BOTH MY FEET WEREN'T FIRMLY PLANTED ON THE GROUND--
--I COULD SWEAR WE WERE FLYING STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE OZONE!
GEE, DEAD-EYE--MAYBE WE SHOULD LIE LOW INSTEAD OF BUZZING THE CORRIDORS. THIS IS SORT OF LIKE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.
TROUBLE'S ONE THING YE DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT OF YER WAY TO LOOK FOR--

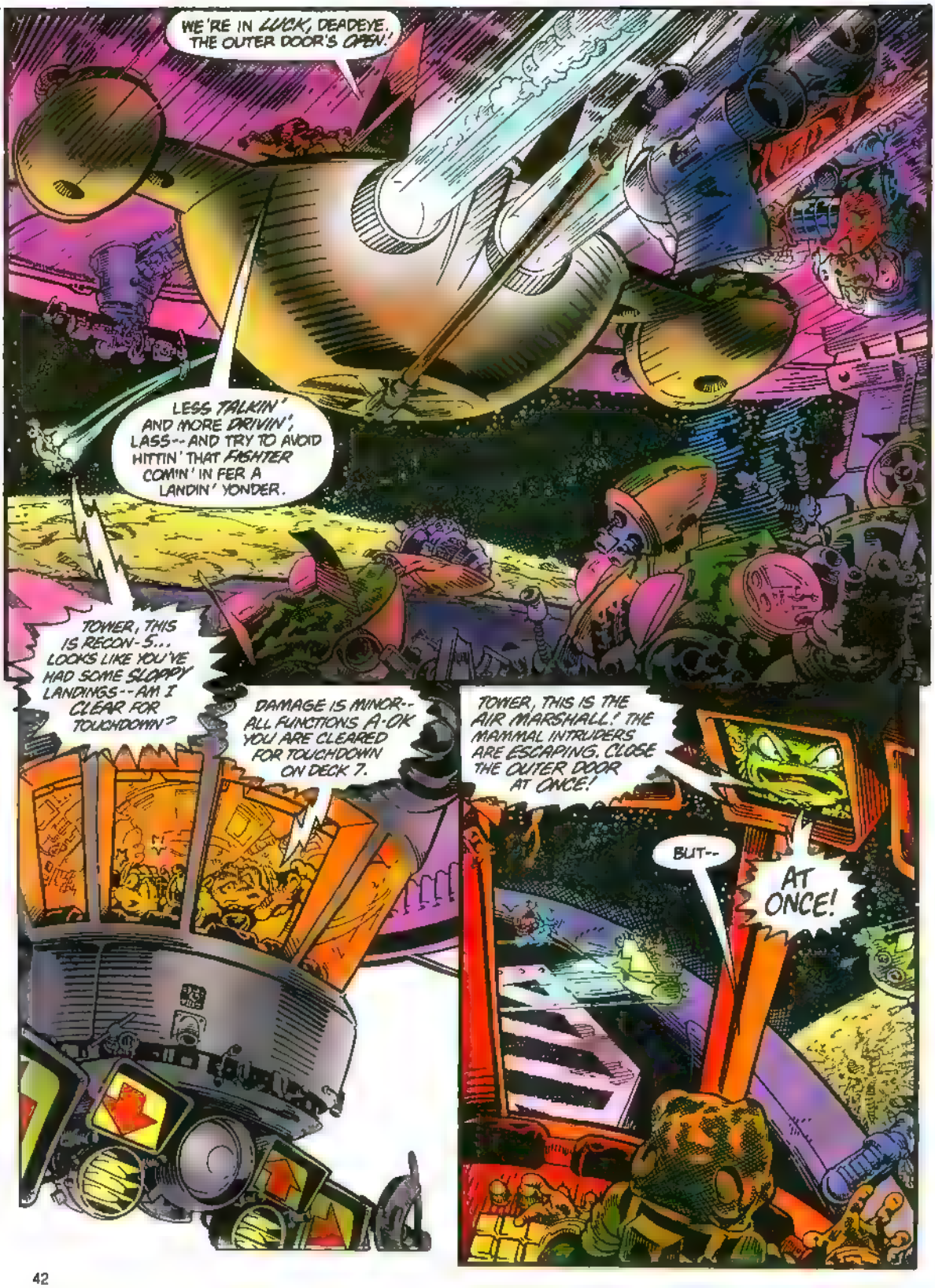
--IT'LL FIND YOU SOON ENOUGH!
LEAN INTO THE TURN, WILLY... I'LL TRY FOR A DEFLECTION SHOT--
URF!
FWAM!
ZAP!

FIRE THE MEAT SEEKER MISSILES!
NO! NEUTRON TORPEDOES!
BUG OFF!
IT'S MY VOID-DROID AND I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!
IT'S GAINING ON US!
IT'S SHIELDED UP THE WAZOO! CONVENTIONAL STUFF WON'T FAZE IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO BLOW IT AWAY, LADDY.
ME?! WITH WHAT?
WITH THIS. YER OWN WEAPON. I NICKED IT FROM YER ROOM.
DEAD-EYE! THIS IS A--
--BELAY THE GAFF AND SHOOT!
OK...
SQUOOT
URK!?
WHUMP!
NICE SHOT. YOU BEEN PRACTICIN'?
IT WAS RAY-SHIELDED.
AND MISSILE SHIELDED.
--BUT NOT WATER-PROOF.


HEY, FELLAS, WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
JENNY!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? HOW-
--LATER. THE STORM-TOADS ARE COMING... BETTER GET THAT SKY-SKOOTER OUT OF THE CORRIDOR.
YOU KNOW, I WAS REALLY WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
GOSH...
YE NEEDN'T FRET ABOUT US, LASS. WE'RE A RIGHT SALTY PAIR.
WOW. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
IT'S A WORKSHOP ANNEX TO THE FLIGHT DECK--
--AND THIS IS OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE
THIS IS A TERRIFIC TRICK. I'M VERY IMPRESSED. CAN WE GO BACK DOWN NOW?
OH, YOU DON'T WANT TO GO BACK YET. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE VIEW OF THE ALIGNMENT.
ER... PLEASE TO EXCUSE, BUT... ARE YOU SOME FORM OF... DEITY?
NOPE. OH, WE USED TO THINK WE WERE PRETTY HIGH AND MIGHTY ABOUT A MILLION YEARS AGO. THEN WE WERE VISITED BY SOME FOLKS WHO WERE SUPERIOR TO US IN EVERY WAY. THEY SOLD US THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE FOR A HANDSHAKE AND A BAG OF WASHERS.

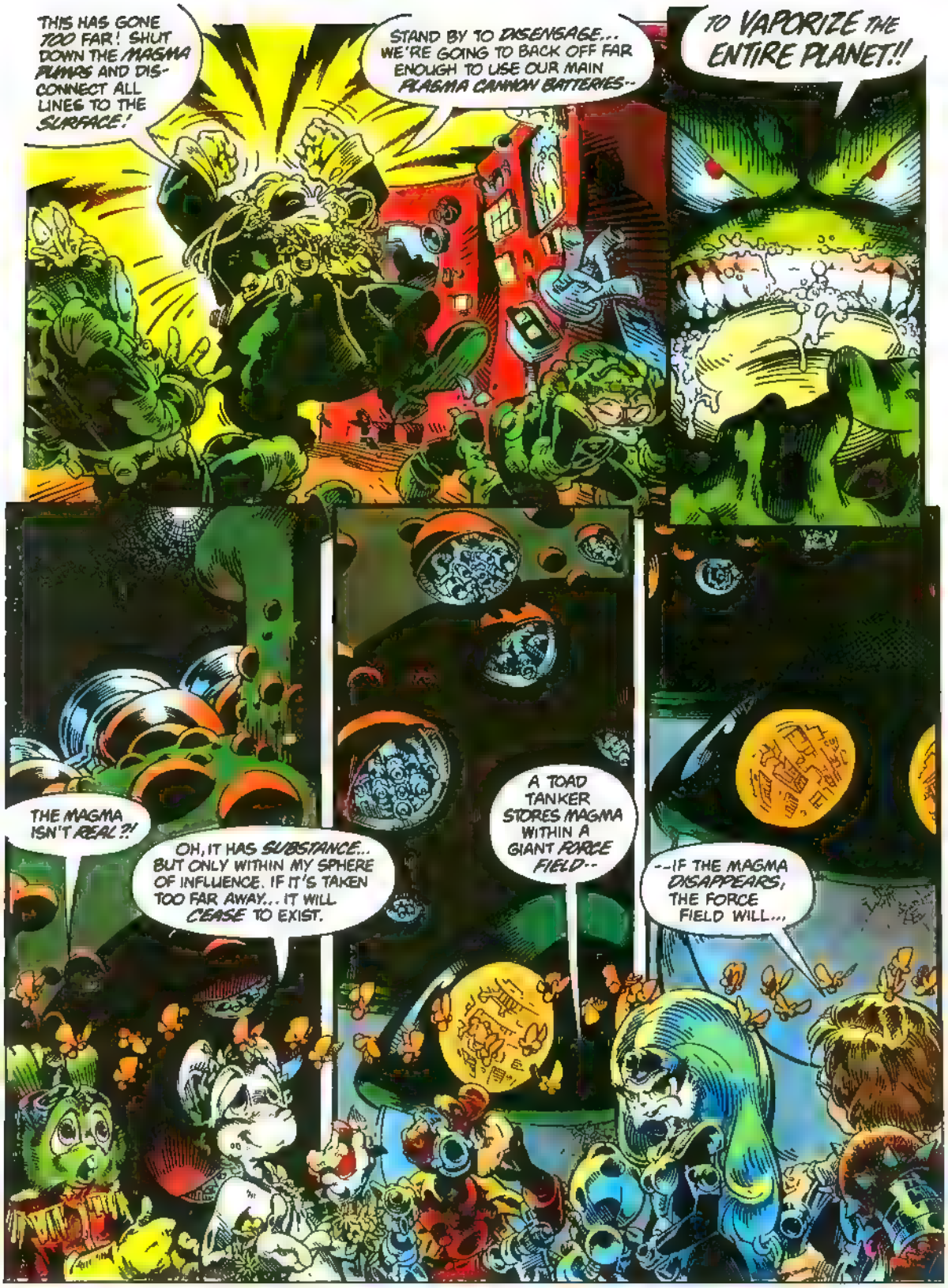
YOU BOUGHT THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE?
NOT EXACTLY. IT TURNED OUT TO BE A FAKE... BUT WE DIDN'T FIND OUT FOR 500,000 YEARS. --SURE SHOWED US, HUH?
MAIM! MANGLE! MASTI--
MAMMAL JUNK!
OOF!
GLUNK
THUMP
THUD
BOOM
THEY'RE ON TO US! THEY'RE BREAKIN' DOWN THE DOOR!
CLIMB ON, WILLY!
THIS FIGHTER ONLY SEATS TWO!
MOUNT THE SKOOTER, LAD-- WE'LL TOW YE OUT OF HERE!

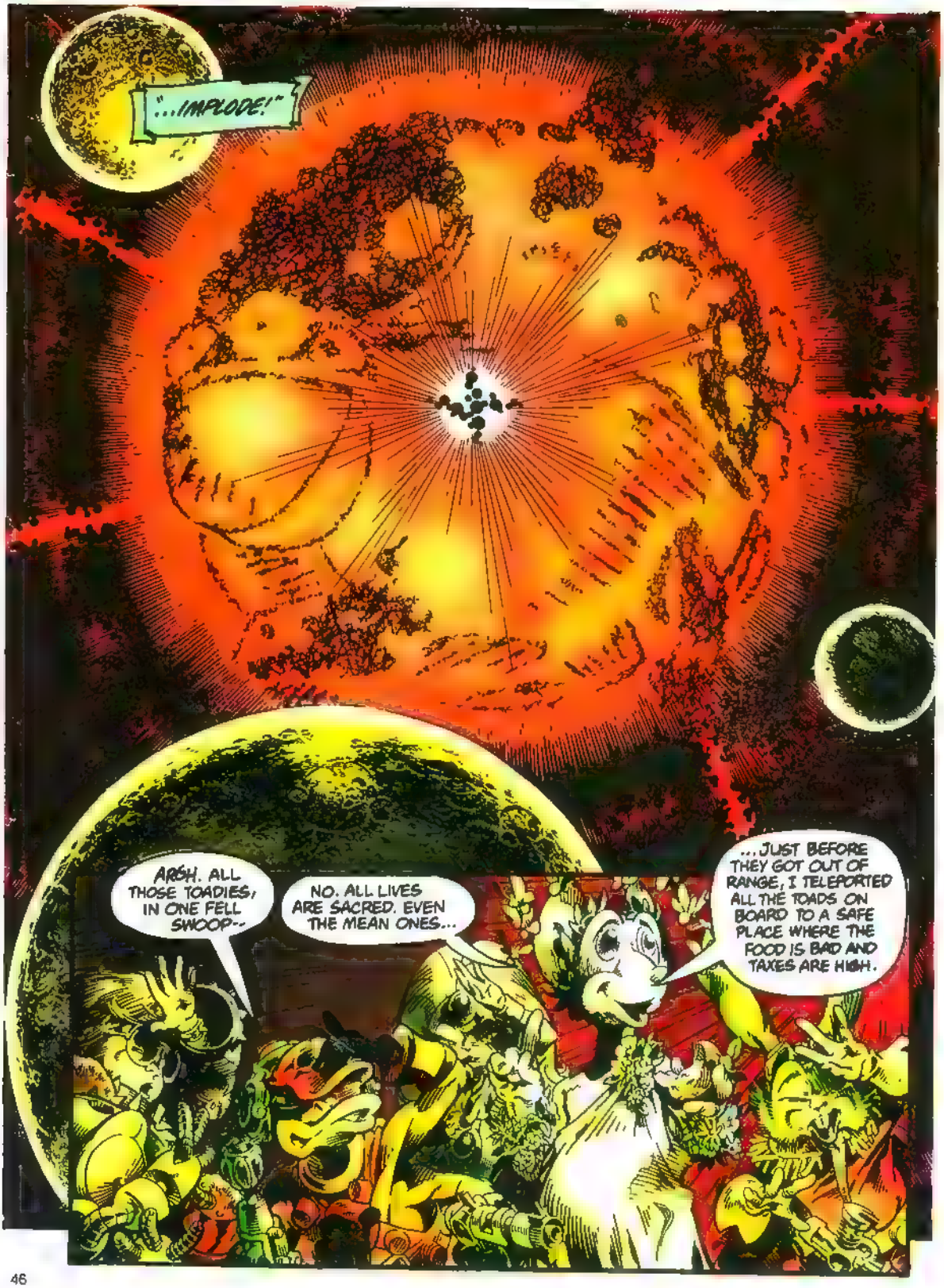
WHAT ARE WE DOING ANYWAY? THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS HANGER IS THROUGH THAT LOCKED DOOR--
--WHICH THE STORM-TOADS ARE GRACIOUSLY KNOCKING DOWN FOR US.
YOU KNOW, DUCK-- SOMETIMES YOU'RE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK
WHAM
MANGLE!
MASH
BLANG!
I NEVER ACCEPT COMPLIMENTS FROM WITCHES, LASS.
ROAR!
LET'S JUST HOPE THE OUTER DOOR IS OPEN!

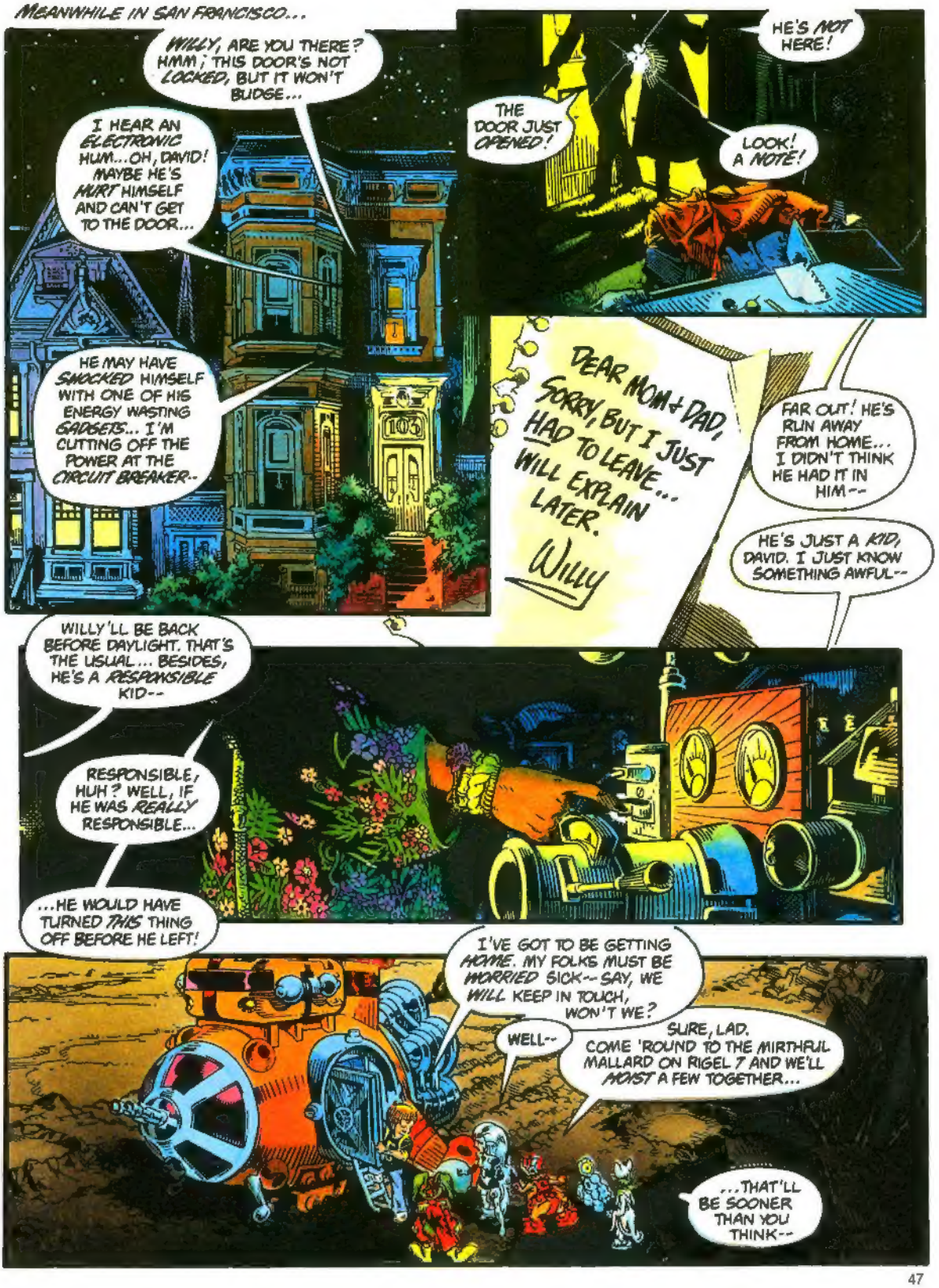

WE'RE IN LUCK, DEADEYE. THE OUTER DOOR'S OPEN!
LESS TALKIN' AND MORE DRIVIN', LASS--AND TRY TO AVOID HITTIN' THAT FIGHTER COMIN' IN FER A LANDIN' YONDER.
TOWER, THIS IS RECON-5... LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE HAD SOME SLOPPY LANDINGS--AM I CLEAR FOR TOUCHDOWN?
DAMAGE IS MINOR--ALL FUNCTIONS A-OK YOU ARE CLEARED FOR TOUCHDOWN ON DECK 7.
TOWER, THIS IS THE AIR MARSHALL! THE MAMMAL INTRUDERS ARE ESCAPING. CLOSE THE OUTER DOOR AT ONCE!
BUT--
AT ONCE!

HEY--
WHIZZZZZZ
CLANG!
KHAM!
WHY DON'T YOU STOP THE TOADS YOURSELF? YOU'VE GOT THE POWER--
THE POWER IS BETTER USED TO MAKE THINGS GROW.
B-BUT THE TOADS ARE STEALING THE MOLTEN CORE OF YOUR PLANET!
SO?
SAY! YOUR FRIENDS ARE ARRIVING. I'D BETTER WHIP UP A LANDING FIELD...
-YOUR PLANET WILL BE LEFT A COLD, LIFE-LESS CINDER!
JUST THE WAY I FOUND IT! WOULD THEY RATHER LAND IN DAFFODILS OR PEONIES?
UH--
DAFFODILS WILL DO NICELY WOULD ANYONE CARE FOR AN APPLE?

BLINKY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
DON'T ASK!
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT EVERYTHING ON THIS PLANET IS A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION?
OH, NOT JUST EVERYTHING ON THE PLANET...
...EVERYTHING IN IT AS WELL.
INCLUDING ALL THE MAGMA THE TOADS ARE SUCKING INTO THEIR TANKER.
AIR MARSHALL! THAT LAST CRASH JAMMED THE OUTER DOOR! WE CAN'T LAUNCH--
BURP!

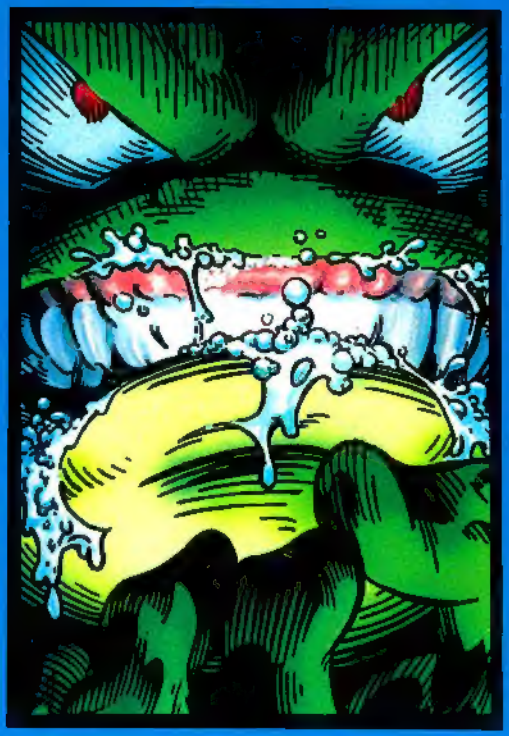

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR! SHUT DOWN THE MAGMA PUMPS AND DISCONNECT ALL LINES TO THE SURFACE!
STAND BY TO DISENGAGE... WE'RE GOING TO BACK OFF FAR ENOUGH TO USE OUR MAIN PLASMA CANNON BATTERIES--
TO VAPORIZE THE ENTIRE PLANET!!
THE MAGMA ISN'T REAL?!
OH, IT HAS SUBSTANCE... BUT ONLY WITHIN MY SPHERE OF INFLUENCE. IF IT'S TAKEN TOO FAR AWAY... IT WILL CEASE TO EXIST.
A TOAD TANKER STORES MAGMA WITHIN A GIANT FORCE FIELD--
--IF THE MAGMA DISAPPEARS, THE FORCE FIELD WILL...


...IMPLODE!"
ARSH. ALL THOSE TOADIES, IN ONE FELL SWOOP--
NO. ALL LIVES ARE SACRED. EVEN THE MEAN ONES...
...JUST BEFORE THEY GOT OUT OF RANGE, I TELEPORTED ALL THE TOADS ON BOARD TO A SAFE PLACE WHERE THE FOOD IS BAD AND TAXES ARE HIGH.


MEANWHILE IN SAN FRANCISCO...
WILLY, ARE YOU THERE? HMM; THIS DOOR'S NOT LOCKED, BUT IT WON'T BUDGE...
I HEAR AN ELECTRONIC HUM...OH, DAVID! MAYBE HE'S HURT HIMSELF AND CAN'T GET TO THE DOOR...
HE MAY HAVE SHOCKED HIMSELF WITH ONE OF HIS ENERGY WASTING GADGETS... I'M CUTTING OFF THE POWER AT THE CIRCUIT BREAKER--
HE'S NOT HERE!
THE DOOR JUST OPENED!
LOOK! A NOTE!
DEAR MOM + DAD, SORRY, BUT I JUST HAD TO LEAVE... WILL EXPLAIN LATER. WILLY
FAR OUT! HE'S RUN AWAY FROM HOME... I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD IT IN HIM--
HE'S JUST A KID, DAVID. I JUST KNOW SOMETHING AWFUL--
WILLY'LL BE BACK BEFORE DAYLIGHT. THAT'S THE USUAL... BESIDES, HE'S A RESPONSIBLE KID--
RESPONSIBLE, HUH? WELL, IF HE WAS REALLY RESPONSIBLE...
...HE WOULD HAVE TURNED THIS THING OFF BEFORE HE LEFT!
I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING HOME. MY FOLKS MUST BE WORRIED SICK--SAY, WE WILL KEEP IN TOUCH, WON'T WE?
WELL--
SURE, LAD. COME 'ROUND TO THE MIRTHFUL MALLARD ON RIGEL 7 AND WE'LL MOIST A FEW TOGETHER...
...THAT'LL BE SOONER THAN YOU THINK--

NOW WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT--
THE DOOR! IT'S GONE!! HOW'M I GONNA GET HOME?!
THE MOUSE! HE CAN TELEPORT ME HOME!
WHERE IS HE?!
MOUSE? HE JUST FADE AWAY...
NOW I'LL NEVER GET HOME! I'M STUCK IN SOME CRAZY ANIMAL UNIVERSE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
--SHUSH, DUCK...
WHAT'S HE MEAN, CRAZY ANIMALS--?
HEY--

WE MIGHT BE A RAGGEDY BUNCH OF ANIMALS... BUT IF YOU THROW IN WITH US, WE'LL STICK BY YOU AND SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET YOU BACK HOME.
WELL, HOW ABOUT IT?
BILGE WASH! OF COURSE HE'S COMING WITH US! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? SIT HERE AND MOPE?
I GUESS YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME, THEN.
THAT WE ARE, MATEY, THAT WE ARE.
ALL RIGHT, LADDIES! LET'S CROAK US SOME TOADS!
The End.



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